THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A[illegible] by Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 27, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Are Your Sox Insured?

WILL your dealer back them to wear a *reasonable* length of time without holes?

If you're tired of going through a pair of sox the first week you wear them—

If you're weary of wearing stockings criss-crossed with darns—Try Holeproof Hosiery.

They are guaranteed to wear six months without darning.

READ OUR BINDING GUARANTEE

"We guarantee to any purchaser of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings that they will need no darning for six months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to wearer."

Sounds almost "too good to be true," but just give us the chance to prove it.

You know this advertisement could not appear in these columns if we were not an absolutely reliable house.

Holeproof Hosiery is made by a new, secret knitting process which we control.

By using a certain combination of selected, long-fibred yarns, where the hardest usage comes, we are able to knit sox and stockings which will out-wear ordinary hosiery six to one. And this without being clumsy, heavy or ill-fitting. Holeproof Hosiery is handsome in appearance, flexible and easy to the feet in every way.

* * *

It took several years of experimenting before we brought this method of manufacturing to a practical success.

But not until we were *positively assured* of our ground, were we ready to make this remarkable warranty.

"Six Months Without Holes"

Think of the comfort, the convenience and labor-saving that this implies.

No darning means leisure time for the busy housewife.

It means freedom from the irritating pinching which "home-made splicing" always brings.

It means *economy*, for Holeproof Hosiery costs no more than the kind that wear out.

Our guarantee is no make-believe, merely used to attract the gullible. It is *bona-fide* and we *mean every word of it*. We'll play fair every time.

If the hose wear out inside of six months, we will replace them with new ones, without a murmur and without a fuss.

* * *

Our guarantee accompanies every box of six pairs of sox or stockings, and we refer by permission to the Wisconsin National Bank of Milwaukee as to our integrity and business standing.

Every wearer of Holeproof Hosiery becomes a customer for all time. He needs but one trial to realize that this hosiery is as different from the ordinary kind as cheese cloth is from silk.

Will you make the six months' test now, and prove by actual wear that Holeproof Hosiery is even better than we claim for it?

READ WHAT THE WEARERS SAY

Holeproof Hosiery Co. Newton, Iowa, May 30, 1906.

Gentlemen—Enclosed herewith find $2 00 in payment of one box of Women's Holeproof Stockings, as per ad herewith enclosed. Stockings to be entire black No. 9.

I know what the Holeproof Sox are and so thought would try some of the stockings for myself as it seems so nice not to have to darn my husband's socks. He got a box of you last September, and they are fine. I notice in this ad that you pay all transportation charges.

Yours very truly, Mrs. Ralph Cunningham.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. Pullman, Wash., May 15, 1906.

Gentlemen—Please find enclosed P. O. money order for $1.50 for which I wish you would send me a half dozen, all black cotton, men's socks, No. 11.

A year ago last February, I bought a half dozen of these socks from you and I am wearing them today. I have never been able before to secure a sock that would last a month without wearing holes in them. I can honestly say that the goods you put out have no equal.

Respectfully yours, Royal P. Jarvis.

Holeproof Hosiery

MEN'S HOLEPROOF SOX

Fast Colors:—Black, Black legs with white feet, Tan (light or dark), Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Egyptian Cotton (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee ticket with each pair.

Per box of six pairs **$1.50**

WOMEN'S HOLEPROOF STOCKINGS

Fast Colors:—Black, Black legs with white feet, and Tan. Sizes, 8 to 11. Extra reinforced garter tops.

Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size—assorted colors if desired—six months' guarantee with each pair.

Per box of six pairs **$2.00**

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

This Trade Mark on Every Pair guarantees the wearing qualities.

How to Order Holeproof Hosiery

Most good stores are now selling Holeproof Hosiery. If you find a dealer who says he has something "just-as-good"—turn him down. *Insist* upon having the original Holeproof goods. You know by experience that imitations are worthless. In a case like this we will supply you direct upon receipt of price and *prepay all shipping charges.*

Tell us the size you wear, the color you want; you can remit by money-order or draft, or any other convenient way.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET It is full of interesting facts about Holeproof Hosiery, testimony of wearers, etc. We will also give you name of local dealer in your city.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY

522 Fowler Street **Milwaukee, Wisconsin**

JUBILEE YEAR OF EL PRINCIPE DE GALES

Romantic History of the World-Famous "El Principe de Gales" brand of Havana Cigars

By MANUEL GONZALEZ

GREAT WAS THE REJOICING in the domain of the Union Jack the world over—where proverbially the sun never sets—when young Queen Victoria was delivered of a son and heir in 1841,—the little child becoming hostage to the popularity of her long and triumphant reign by thus assuring the perpetuity of her house.

As heir-apparent to the throne of Great Britain and her Colonies, this baby boy was known from birth as the Prince of Wales.

In the Spring of 1846 when the little Prince of Wales had grown to be a sturdy chap of five, one of Havana's prominent and opulent commercial grandees introduced a new brand of cigars—one that seemed to reach the height of that perfection for which he had many years striven. So proud was he of his product that in seeking for a name of world-wide application there instantly came to his mind Albert Edward's official title —The Prince of Wales—El Principe de Gales.

In 60 years the Prince has become king of a world empire and the brand of cigars has become acknowledged "King of Havana cigars."

THE CUBAN MANUFACTURER responsible for this brand and its fame was Senor V. Martinez Ybor, prominent both among tobacco planters and manufacturers, the head of a great commercial industry and one of the principal exporters of Cuba. But Senor Ybor was heavily taxed to fill the ever-yawning exchequer of Isabella, Queen of Spain—and thereby hangs our tale. With a view to escaping these excessive taxes and also to avoiding the American customs imposts levied on manufactured cigars, Senor Ybor, with an enterprise extraordinary among the conservative Havana *duenos* (proprietors), transported his factory to the United States, locating at Key West where his factory was operated for several years until it was destroyed by fire in 1887.

The city of Tampa, Florida, then gave him a tract of land which was called "Ybor City," and here after the patriarchal Spanish custom his workmen from Havana came and settled about the new factory with their families; for, necessarily, Senor Ybor retained his *tabaqueros* who had grown up with his El Principe de Gales brand in Havana and Key West; and having thus duplicated Havana environment and traditional conditions of manufacture, he then proceeded to reinforce his plant at Ybor City with a far-reaching and perfect system for supervising the growing leaf and buying the cured leaf on Cuba's finest tobacco *vegas* in the famous Vuelta Abajo district.

As his business grew he developed an organization in Cuba for watching growing leaf and securing the cream of each crop such as was possessed by no other manufacturer of cigars in the United States. Less than a day's journey to the south, the finest product of Cuba is brought up the Gulf in swift vessels, made up into Havana shapes and sizes by Cuban workmen, and in what is practically the Cuban climate. Even competitors confessed that there was no better, more thoroughly organized force of experts, and no more important and favored buyer in the Cuban markets. And no factory in Havana preserved a truer standard of quality and workmanship than did Senor Ybor in his El Principe de Gales factories in Ybor City.

SOME SEVEN YEARS AGO the control of El Principe de Gales passed to the Havana-American Company. In factories built upon the most approved modern lines in Tampa and Key West are employed cigar makers of the highest skill, many of them descendants of the original colonists brought over by Senor Ybor, and others constantly recruited from the best modern *tabaqueros* from Havana itself.

Indeed, the Havana-American Company's newest factory lately opened at Key West, is the largest in America devoted to the exclusive manufacture of Havana cigars. And here working conditions are so superior and wages steadily so high that there is competition even among Cuban cigar makers of the highest skill for employment under its spacious roof.

If you are a smoker and could visit these factories in Key West and Tampa and contrast their modern equipment as to lighting, ventilation, comfort, safety, sanitation, etc., with the forbidding, unwholesome and unsanitary conditions of the average cigar "factory" (so often little more than a crowded room like an eastside sweatshop)—you would be deeply impressed with the perfection of equipment and organization characteristic of the Havana-American Company's factories and system.

All smokers are urged to visit the El Principe de Gales factories when in the vicinity of Key West or Tampa. To see the Cuban experts, each molding his pet shape of cigar—to learn all their odd and historic associations, and to watch the older workmen whose whole lives, perhaps, have been given up to the making of one size or shape of El Principe de Gales—these things are of never failing interest. From the day of its establishment in this country El Principe de Gales began to grow in sales, its originator zealously striving to produce a cigar that would be judged as a true Havana in whatever part of the world it might encounter connoisseurs. Moreover he developed El Principe de Gales in so many shapes and sizes; so many gradations of strength and flavor, that today not even the oldest brands established in Havana number a wider following of devotees among the more discriminating smokers.

Is it any wonder, then, with these immense advantages, that El Principe de Gales soon began to lead in the American market? Its conditions of manufacture were such that no other clear Havana cigar could hope to compete with this brand in *quality*, nor could any domestic brand. Its advantages in *price*, owing to the impost of tariff duties, made competition by Havana manufacturers equally futile.

In 1890, when the increased tariff on foreign cigars went into effect, the sales of this notable brand had in the course of some forty years reached an annual output of ten million. Today's demand requires an output of thirty-five million cigars—this is more than double the quantity of Havana cigars of any one brand that has ever been produced by any other cigar factory in the world.

One of the most interesting features of the Florida State Fair held November 29th, 1905, was the Exhibits of the Havana Cigar Manufacturers. The various factories entered in competition, and the board of expert manufacturers rendered a unanimous decision awarding first prize to the Havana-American Co., manufacturers of El Principe de Gales.

THIS, THEN, IS THE JUBILEE YEAR of El Principe de Gales. For sixty years it has held the market, with ever-increasing sales and prestige.

A cigar made for the most critical public, holding its place for six decades against the finest products of Havana, must surely be of highest excellence.

Contrast the lighting, ventilation, comfort, sanitation, etc., with the forbidding conditions in the average cigar "factory."

Here working conditions are so superior and wages steadily so high that there is competition among Cuban cigar makers of the highest skill for employment under its spacious roof.

Senor Ybor developed El Principe de Gales in many shapes, sizes and colors, many gradations of strength and flavor—the favorite Havana brand.

SCENES IN THE MODERN EL PRINCIPE DE GALES FACTORY

$50.00

The Tool You Need When You Need It

Every home, store, mill, factory, shop, farm should have a KEEN KUTTER Tool Cabinet which contains a remarkable assortment of KEEN KUTTER Tools—the best tools made for every use. No matter what the emergency you are ready to meet it if you have a KEEN KUTTER Tool Cabinet which provides a special place for every tool. The edges are not blunted by knocking around, dampness is kept out and rust prevented by tight doors which are made secure by lock and key.

KEEN KUTTER

TOOL CABINETS

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS U.S.A. MARK

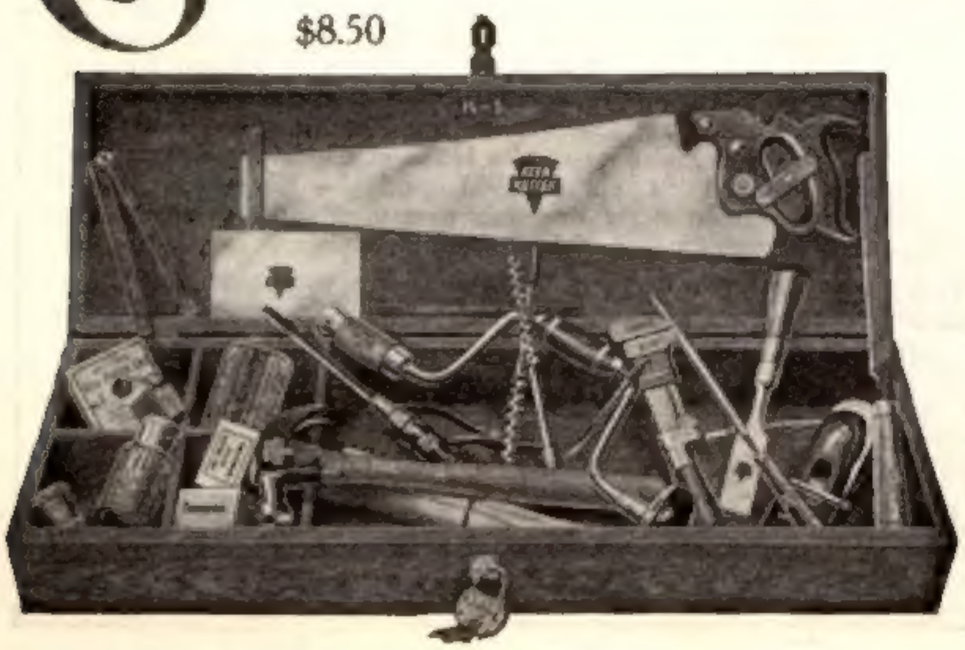
are made of finely finished quartered oak—ornamental, substantial, convenient. Each tool is guaranteed by the KEEN KUTTER trade mark. The edged tools are as keen as hand-whetting will make them—every tool is scientifically constructed of the best materials the world affords.

In no other way can you secure a collection of such tools as that found in a KEEN KUTTER Tool Cabinet.

Ask us to send you handsomely illustrated Catalogue showing our complete line of KEEN KUTTER Cabinets; then select the Cabinet containing the assortment of tools you want and your dealer will supply you. If not, write us and give us your dealer's name.

This booklet contains Cabinets from $8.50 to $50.00, according to assortment of tools. *A postal will bring it.*

$8.50



Simmons Hardware Company

St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

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Lessons in Practical Finance

The Services Rendered by a Trust Company

BY CHARLES G. DAWES

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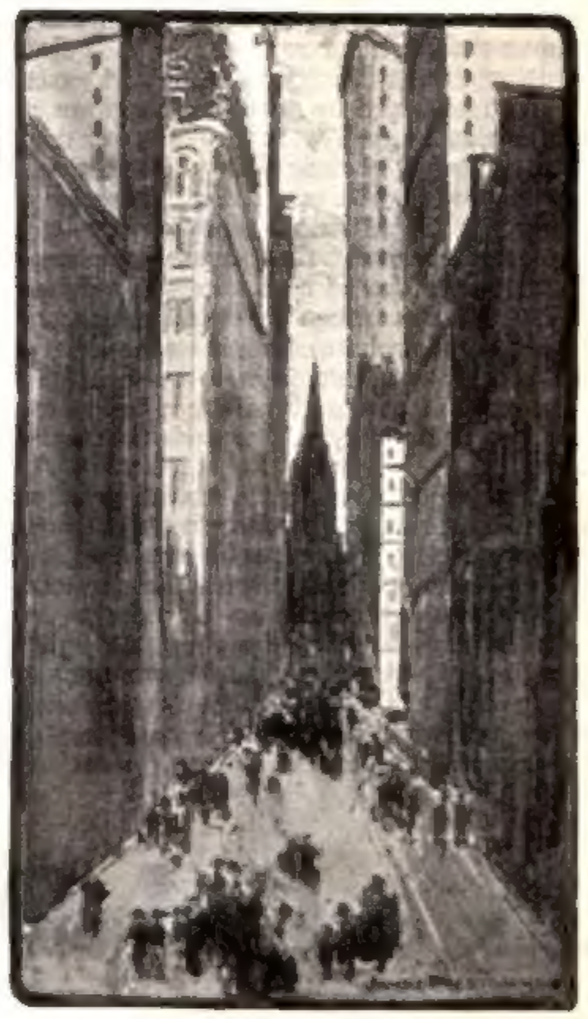
Former Comptroller of the Currency



THE purpose of this paper is to discuss in particular the services to the community of the Trust Department of a Trust Company. As a matter of fact, trust companies perform, in addition to the work done by their trust department, practically all the functions of legitimate banking. They receive savings, time and checking deposit accounts. They discount commercial paper, although in most cases they make their loans largely upon approved collateral. They deal in exchange and securities, and in the banking department of a trust company its business is practically the same as that of any properly-conducted bank. If, however, the functions of the trust company, outside of its ordinary banking functions, were more generally understood by business men throughout the country, the losses through misplaced financial responsibilities would be greatly lessened.

In addition to a regular banking business, in most of the States trust companies are authorized by charter to act as executor, administrator, trustee, guardian, assignee and receiver, and to receive and execute trusts of every character from courts, corporations and individuals. They also act as agent for the transfer and registration of stocks and the certification of bonds issued under corporate mortgages. Nearly all corporations now have their stock registered by a trust company, and this has been quite universal since the public was defrauded by certain spurious stocks.

Some years ago the directors of a large railroad company were startled by the discovery that the corporation had outstanding a large amount of spurious stock. Investigation confirmed the fact that the official charged with the responsibility of issuing stock certificates had put out, and secretly disposed of, large blocks of stock, diverting the proceeds of the sale of it to his own use. This awakened the directors and the investing public, as well as the managers of the leading stock exchanges of the country, to the absolute necessity of registering stock in order to prevent an "overissue." The result of this effort was the adoption of the plan of having responsible trust companies act as registrars of stock for corporations.

In every reorganization of corporate enterprises, whether great or small, the services of a trust company are indispensable. The "reorganization committee" of the company formulates a plan and submits it to the holders of the securities. Then this company goes to a trust company, arranges that it shall act as depositary of all the stocks and bonds outstanding, which, of course, must be surrendered to the reorganization committee. The committee announces to all holders of stock or bonds concerned in the proposed change and consenting to the basis of the plans, that they may deposit their holdings with the trust company and take a receipt for them, pending the issuance of new securities under the plan of reorganization to be given in place of those surrendered.

This places the whole matter of the exchange of securities in the hands of a responsible third party that has the confidence of all the principals to the transaction.

The reorganizations of great corporations involve transactions mounting into the millions. No matter how small a corporation may be, it is difficult in these days to accomplish a change of this kind without seeking the service of a trust company.

It is a settled practice that the same trust company cannot act as both registrar and transfer agent for the same corporation, because the stock exchanges will not list securities unless the transfer agent and the registrar be different trust companies. The reason for this is apparent; it is necessary, in order to impose a "double check" on the issue of stock, that these separate functions shall be performed by separate trust companies. The records of the registrar of a certain stock and those of the transfer agent must, of course, absolutely coincide and show the same amount of stock outstanding.

Another important service of the trust company—that of transfer agent—I will speak of in detail. Suppose that you desire to invest $10,000 in the Chicago, Mil. and Saint Paul. You instruct your broker to buy shares of that value in the open market. He executes his commission and turns over to you a bundle of certificates, each indorsed so as to be a "good delivery" according to the well-established rules and regulations in that regard. If you want the certificates to stand in your own name, the work of the two trust companies, acting respectively as transfer agent and registrar, greatly simplifies your course. A glance at the certificate of stock itself gives the name of the trust company acting as transfer agent and the one acting as registrar. You deposit your indorsed certificates with the transfer agent, who gives you a receipt for the stock in your own name. You then call at the office of the trust company officiating as registrar, and the new certificate is there given to you with the proper counter-signatures made on it in return for your receipt.

The holding of "escrows" is another important and interesting service which the trust company is constantly called upon to fulfill, and for which it is peculiarly adapted. Again, illustration is the clearest form of statement. You have, let us say, decided to put $20,000 into the stock of a certain company, provided other capital to an agreed extent can be interested, the "option" on the property converted into a complete title and other stipulations fulfilled. Very likely your investment is essential in the progress of accomplishing these important results—and yet you are not warranted in actually paying your money into the hands of the men representing a company until all these things are actually performed.

How may you pay your money into the hands of the new company and at the same time keep it safely in your own control until every condition is fully met and the entire enterprise made secure? By using the trust company as the agent to hold the money in securities until every condition of the written agreement between yourself and the representative of the new company are fully satisfied. You deposit the $20,000 with the trust company; the other party to the transaction deposits the requisite certificates of stock, or a satisfactory agreement covering their future delivery; written instructions to the trust company are signed by both parties and also deposited, and the trust company follows those instructions to the letter. It will not vary a hair, and it will not accept instructions that call for the exercise of a discretion.

It has as many varied forms as there are kinds of business transactions, but the principle is always the same. Sometimes these "escrows" amount to many millions of dollars, and again they are often for small sums. If the practice of placing small "escrows" were more common, the business men in the smaller cities, the towns and the villages of the country would less frequently pay out their money on unsatisfied agreements and contracts.

No kind of public service performed by the modern trust company is more important than that of acting as a trustee. Because the trust company is a corporation instead of a person, it, in this connection, is called a "corporate trustee" in distinction from the personal or individual serving in that capacity. Under this general term are grouped several kinds of service: acting as executors for estates left under wills, as administrators of estates left without wills, as receivers and assignees of business enterprises in financial trouble, as agents for persons desiring to be relieved of all care in the management of their own property and business affairs. Then, too, there are various other general "trust" capacities in connection with the handling of certain properties under "trust deeds" and similar legal instruments.

Certain considerations relate vitally to all these kinds of public service and draw a sharp line of distinction between those of the corporate trustee as contrasted with those of an individual trustee. Briefly, the two counts stand about as follows: The corporate or impersonal trustee never dies, is never incapacitated for immediate action, is never

absent, is never too engrossed in "personal affairs" to give proper attention to its trust duties, is instantly available at any business hour of any business day, and does not abscond.

On the other hand, the individual trustee, executor and administrator is not exempt from death, is often incapacitated by sickness and a score of other causes, is often absent from the post of duty at critical times, is frequently deeply engrossed in his private affairs to the neglect of some delegated trust, is constantly unavailable when important consultation and action is unexpectedly required, and, unfortunately, is subject to those human frailties of judgment and conduct resulting in bankruptcy, defalcation and other disasters fatal to the interests intrusted in his care.

The corporate trustee is directly under the surveillance of the probate court, and is subject, also, to various other restraints and safeguards. First, every trust company is required to deposit with the banking department of the State a large amount of approved securities sufficient to cover all responsibilities which it is, within human reason, liable to assume. It is directly under the scrutiny and authority of the bank examiner, who is required to make frequent examinations, without notice to the trust company, of every estate or trust in its charge. Within stated periods, every interest in its charge is checked over by an examining committee of the board of directors. Each trust is kept separate in its vaults, and the examiner must find in each package the identical securities which the book records and the reports to the court indicate. Then the trust company is required to report to the probate court, at least once every six months, the precise condition of each estate in its charge, and is "subject to summons," calling it before the court at any moment and on any matter under the jurisdiction of that court.

What are the results, in actual practice, of the safeguards and restrictions thrown about the administration of the trusts by the companies organized for that purpose? Rarely, so far as I am informed, has an estate ever lost a dollar through the action of a corporate trustee, whereas millions of dollars have been lost through the maladministration of individual administrators and executors. The records of the courts abound with instances of efforts made by heirs to hold individual trustees responsible for incapable or criminal management of trusts. And generally these efforts have been fruitless, so far as lawsuits caused by ill-advised investments are concerned. Save in cases of the grossest kind, the courts have generally held that the individual trustee has "seemed to exercise reasonable care and diligence." If a suit of this character has ever been brought against a trust company I am not aware of it.

Experience is the largest element in the work of the trust company. The individual trustee may not be called upon to handle more than one estate in the course of his life, but it is the business of the corporate trustee constantly to discharge these responsibilities. Necessarily, the trust company must maintain an organization of men especially expert in the various branches of trust administration. The real-estate interests of a trust company, for example, are in charge of a man who is familiar, from years of experience, with values in this field, and investments in bonds and stocks are directed by a man whose judgment in this field has gained him the standing of an expert.

Then, too, the trust company must provide itself with the most progressive and scientific methods of accounting. Its machinery for the expeditious and accurate transaction of business must be the best available. Failure to have the most advanced system in this respect would be contrary to the dictates of economy and self-protection, because the volume of business transacted is large and makes the introduction of advanced and economical methods thoroughly practical. The same observation applies to the best talent in every line and position throughout the organization. Invariably, for example, the trust company retains the best available legal talent. The counsel of this attorney is available, without additional expense, to the small as well as the large estate or interests in the hands of the corporate trustee.

Sharp Practice

JIMMY JENKINS was no earthly good as a salesman, but, because the Peters Motor Company was paying him $10,000 a year as its Chicago manager, his people were putting a lot of money into the capital stock of the concern. Mr. Thomas Tabb, President of the Wireless Motor Company, gave considerable attention to the matter, before he finally got the case all studied out.

Then he went up to Chicago and sent for Jimmy to come over to his hotel.

"Mr. Jenkins," he said, "I've been watching the work you've been doing up here, and I can't afford to let you stay with the competition any longer. What are they paying you?"

Jimmy hesitated, then:

"Ten thousand a year," he replied.

"I'll give you fifteen thousand."

"Oh, but I want a permanent position, Mr. Tabb!" Jimmy answered with a shrewd smile.

"How would a contract for ten years at that figure strike you?"

Jimmy said he'd talk it over. Finally, of course, he agreed, and Thomas Tabb set his signature to a cast-iron contract which Jimmy had drawn up by one of the smartest of corporation lawyers. Then the old man called Jimmy down to Metropolis to spend a month at the factory and get thoroughly acquainted with the business. The Peters Company felt his loss from the start. Personally he was no good to anybody, but his leaving meant the cutting off of their most important financial backers. Meantime, Tabb forced the fight on the Peters machines and kept the company spending money at a rate which left them almost bankrupt at the end of the first year. And Jimmy was enjoying himself, too, traveling around the country in a way that could do no particular harm, and being constantly impressed with the idea that he was chiefly responsible for the downfall of the Peters concern.

On the day the Peters Company went into bankruptcy, the old man called Jimmy in from the road.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins," he said, "there's an end of that Peters competition at last. And we appreciate what you have done toward that end, I can tell you. Beginning with this week your salary will be $325 a week." Jimmy went out with his head in a whirl. For a month he drew the increased salary.

Then, one day, the old man sent a short, sharp note to the paymaster.

"Pay off James Jenkins and discharge him at the end of this week," it read.

The paymaster sent back word:

"But Jenkins is working under a ten years' contract."

"He was," Thomas Tabb replied, "but he voluntarily broke his contract by accepting a raise in salary. Discharge him. There won't be any trouble."—And there wasn't.

A KID'S COMPOSITION

By Henry A. Shute

F A T H E R S

FATHERS is most always prety good fellers xcept when they is licking you when they hadent aught to and they aint enny sence in it which, hapens most of the time.

a fellers own father is always the best whether enny other fellers father is beter or not, it dont make enny diference how mutch a fellers father slams him round or dont give him enny chink the feller will stand up for his father every time.

most fellers fathers was tuf when they was fellers and that is the reson why they know when a feller is lying and when he braks winders and gets into scrapes. i shood think that wood be the reson why a fellers father shood be kind of eesy on a feller becaus they know jest how a feller feels and how tuf it is on a feller when he has to be good all the time but perhaps their fathers wasent eesy on them when they rased time.

i like to have a feller stand up for their fathers but it makes me sick to hear them talk as if their fathers was better than enny body elces father. i never brag about my father. i dont have to for every boy knows he is the smartest man in this town. when he was a boy he was the best fiter in town and cood lick Bill Hartnet eesy, and Beany thinks his father can lick enny body becaus he is a poleesman and Pewt thinks his father can lick every body becaus he clim up on the townhall cuperlo and panted it white. i gess i know whose father cood lick if they shood fite only they done fite. i wonder why men dont fite more. i am glad they dont becaus i dont like to see men fite. i like to see dogs fite and roosters and fellers and hens and he pigons and cats but not fellers fathers.

If I Lie I Can Go Out and Play

father always says it is rong to fite and he will lick me if i get fiting but when i do he asks all about it and if i get licked whitch sumtimes hapens to the best fiters, a feller cant lick all the time, father asks me why i dident give him one in the eye with my left and in the ribs we call them slats with my rite. he says that is the way he usted to do.

step fathers is men whitch marry a fellers mother after he is ded the fellers father i mean. step fathers is prety hard to get along with so i hear. i have not got one and i am glad of it. a step father makes a feller split kindlins and run erands and build fires and milk the cow and drive her to pasture and stay in the yard and wirk while the other fellers is playing 2 old cat in the school yard and they lick you for nothing and they is terrible. i always pity a feller whitch hasent enny father but has to put up with a step father. i gnew a feller onct whitch got so mad with his step father that he put pison in his py, and the fellers step father dident eat enny py that nite and they had company to super and had blueberrys insted and after super the feller got scart and wached his chance and threw the py into the swil barill and 4 pigs dide the next day. it was tuf on the pigs. so the feller he ran away to sea and never come back enny more.

granfathers is most as good as fathers. they give us more chink and tells us more stories and is the ones that fellers goes to when they want to get out of scrapes. they is kinder like his aunts. they dont never beleeve ennything that ennybody says agenst them. now fathers most always beleeves it becaus they has done the same thing when they was boys. i supose granfathers did the same things two but it was so long ago they has forgotten all about it and so they dont beleeve ennything they hear about fellers. aunts is jest like them two. mothers is sumthing like them but not as much as aunts becaus fathers has probly told their wife what they usted to do when they was boys and so they know more about fellers rasing cane than aunts.

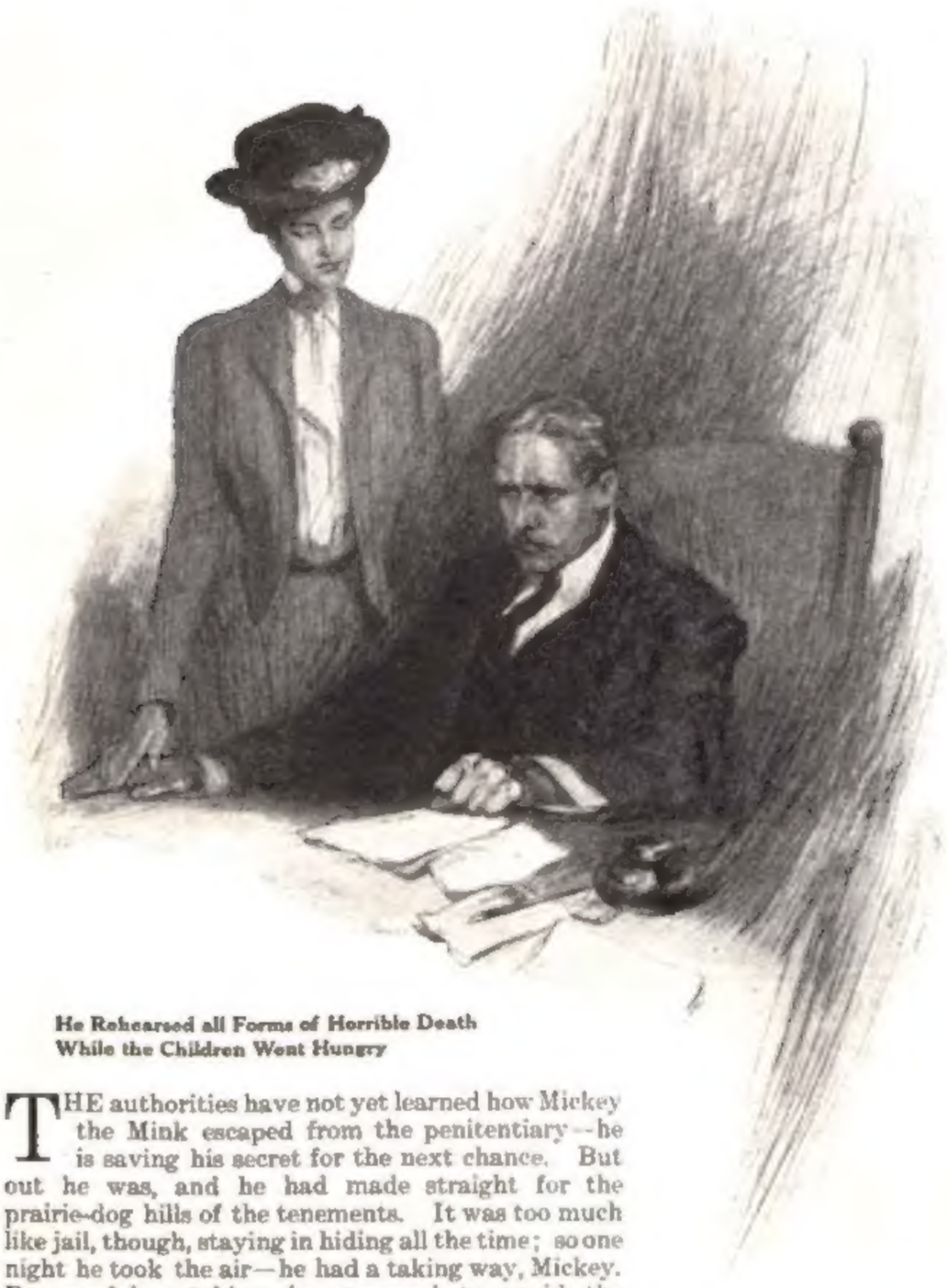
fathers sumtimes when they is fealing prety good take fellers to niger minstrel shows or to washburns grand sensation or to the cattle show and then they has grate fun. i have went to lots of shows with my father and we have pluged base balls at nigers heads sticking out of a hole and rode on flying horses and fired clubs at old womens heads whitch were made of wood and clay pipes out of their mouth and when we wood hit one we wood get a segar whitch made father spit it out after he had lited it and a cane with a ribbon on it. if fellers fathers wood trust them a little more we woodent lie half as often not one quarter as bad. i always feel wirse when i lie to father and fool him than i do when he finds me out and licks me after it aint sore or smarty enny more.

if a feller knows his father wont lick him if he tells the truth he is going to tell it every time. but if he knows his father is going to lick him for what he had done and dont know what he has done then what is a feller going to do? it is prety tuf for a feller to stand up before his father and think if i tell the truth i shall be snaci ed baldheaded and stay in the yard a week and the Unitarial picknick comes tomorrer, and if i lie i can go out and play prizoners bass with Pewt and Beany and not get enny licking. whitch would you do?

THE GALLERY-GOD

A Story in Which Nature is Outdone by Art

BY RUPERT HUGHES
AUTHOR OF ZAL



He Rehearsed all Forms of Horrible Death While the Children Went Hungry

THE authorities have not yet learned how Mickey the Mink escaped from the penitentiary—he is saving his secret for the next chance. But out he was, and he had made straight for the prairie-dog hills of the tenements. It was too much like jail, though, staying in hiding all the time; so one night he took the air—he had a taking way, Mickey. By careful watching, he managed to avoid the officers of that law upon which he had not been consulted, and which he felt therefore justified in ignoring. The lithographs of one melodrama, called She Meant Well, But Went Wrong, kept nagging him with stirring scenes, and such legends as: "Stand back, you hound! Remember that she's a lady, though a working girl!" The author was the rising melodramatist, Theodore Stainer, author of that thrilling work, Left at the Altar, with its wonderful scene in which a cathedral burns to the ground in spite of a real fire-engine, real water—everything real but the actors and the situations. He also wrote that masterpiece, The Subways of New York, in which the hero, by almost superhuman force, threw himself upon the Bronx subterranean express and stopped it just before it ran over the heroine, who, wandering in the subway in search of her lost child, had been met by the villain, robbed of important papers, and tied to the track.

On the Bowery, to use the local expression, "T'eodore Stainer had Shakespeare beat to a custard." His present work was admittedly his "shay doover." The lithographs were marvels of strenuous climax.

Mickey was so much affected over one poster, described by the beautiful sentiment, "Papa, please, oh, please, kiss mamma!" that he invested a quarter he had found lying idle in another man's pocket, and mounted the *gradus ad Parnassum*—to what is called, by a *lucus a non lucendo*, the "Family Circle" (cf. "Family Entrance").

Mickey knew a virtuous maxim when he heard it, and scrupulously applauded it. He also visited vice with that reprobation it so often deserves and so rarely received. Mickey always hissed the villain; you could tell he was a villain, for did he not wear a "dress suit"?

The last act showed the heroine dying of starvation in the snow. The blue light, the somewhat gregarious flakes, the soft sizzle-sozzle of the music melted Mickey's little heart. From the gimlet-holes that served him for eyes tears fairly cascaded across his high cheek-bones, and down a remarkable facial angle that would have delighted Lombroso.

The play ended sadly, and the sniffly gods went down the stairs in deep distress. One elbow acquaintance asked Mickey what he t'ought of the play.

"What do I t'ink of it? Well, I'd like to git hold of the—— guy what wrote it and done dat sweet lady doit so unnecessary. Why couldn't de—— guy have left her alive? It wouldn't 'a' cost him a red! She never done him no harm, nor nobody else none,—— *him!*"

His criticism was cut short by a hand on his arm. It was that of a glad-eyed policeman, who greeted Mickey with genuine cordiality.

"Why, hello, Mickey! Glad to see you. You're looking fine. The Old Man was askin' about you; he said he'd like to have you call down at the station-house. Come right along. I'll show you the way. . . . Maybe you've forgot it since you was up the river."

Mickey laughed and said:

"Well, if it ain't Ossifer Hough! I'm glad it's you that gits the $500. You was always white. So it's me back to de mines, me for anudder good hair-cut. Tell Maw I'm sorry I couldn't git round to say Hello. I know'd you'd be watchin' her place. How was she lookin' las' time you run her in?"

"Oh, she was fit as a fiddle. It took t'ree of us to git her to the station-house the other day."

"Bully for Maw! Say, Hough, I just seen a real crime committed at dat teayter. Dat dere play has de whitest herowine you ever see—but she's got a husband what is a beaut. Say, he ought to be killed t'ree times a day. Of course, I ain't blamin' Mr. T'oyston. He's only a actor, an' he is gotter play what dey hands him. But if you ever see de aut'or of dat play, crack his nut fer me, Hough, and I'll let you ketch me de next time I sneak out o' blink. How could a man mawltreat a lady like dat? Why, he couldn't 'a' had de heart of a Saddle Rock oyster!"

"You done a little job of your own, once, didn't you, Mickey?" asked the policeman, who had an eye to consistency.

"Well, I did put Maggie Tinker away—and I had me pitcher in de Police G'zette, too—on de next page to Chim Cheffries, too; leastways so I hoyd, 'dough nobody wasn't white enough to send me a copy. But speakin' of Mag—why—you knowed her, Hough: usedn't you to ring up de Hurry Wagon for her every week or two? Well, I guess, yes! Mag was a bad 'un. She was a beaut, all right, all right, but you couldn't trust her. She played double wid me wunst too often—and—well, dat was one of me off-days. I wasn't feelin' me best, and—I seen red. It was a short scrap, an' she didn't suffer much. I don't say but I hadn't otter 'a' swung for it, but you know I went crazy for a while"—he winked slowly at the grinning officer—"an' de Guv'nor commuted me for life. But I done me job quick, an'—Mag got only what was comin' to her for fair. Dat's me way of doin' a job—sweet and snappy——

"But dis here play-grinder takes a poifec' lady an' kills her by inches; foist he busts her heart, an' gets her suspicioned for bein' crookeder'n Poil Street, when she was straighter'n Fi'th Avenyuh. Den he lets her baby die, an', as if dat wasn't good an' plenty, he sends her out in de snow an' freezes her to deat'. It makes me wa-want to b-beller like a—— b-baby when I—t'ink of it,—— *him!*"

Mickey was weeping as he passed between the two green lamp-posts.

If Mr. Theodore Stainer could only have met Mickey, and told him his side of the story! For the author was a tender-hearted, hard-working, faithful hack, who loved his wife and his increasing repertoire of children. He had ideals of art, but he had reasons for money.

"Life is short, Art is long; so Art can wait," he said. He had sold his melodrama on the strength of its scenario, and his advance royalties had gone to the installment-man for furniture. So now he had to endure the whims of the manager, who was of that awful class whom those who would gladly sell their souls to them call commercial. One night Stainer came home haggard.

"Dearie," he said to his wife, "I'm about crazy. That dog of a Schwannermann wants a lot of virtuous sentiments put in this play, such as 'A boy's best friend's his mother,' and 'Take back your jewels, my honor is more precious,' and that sort of rot. They'll simply ruin my play."

"Well," said his wife, who was a hopeless Philistine, and besides was thinking of next month's rent, "I don't see that those sentiments can do anybody any harm."

"But what twaddle they are."

"It's a good thing that you authors don't practice your art theories in real life."

"I've got to give him a new death scene in the last act, too. If I hadn't spent that advance royalty, I'd like to throw the money back into the brute's face. What does he know about plays? He's only a manager!"

Then he closeted himself in the dining-room, whose broad table served for a desk. There he rehearsed all forms of horrible death, while the children went hungry and the cook went to packing her trunk. But the wife guarded the dining-room from intruders, and pacified the neighbors who came to inquire who was being murdered.

At last the playwright issued from the dining-room with radiant face, and while the children bolted for the table, the famished wife must share her husband's artistic ecstasy:

"Eureka! Eureka! I've got it now, my dear. This will tickle Schwannermann to death. And he'll never suspect that it's really artistic, besides. It's the most beautiful death scene I ever wrote. There won't be a dry eye in the house. Three cheers for me. Hooray for us. This is my genius day." And he crowed like an infant in his delight. "You see, the heroine is suspected of the adventuress' sin; she's lost her marriage certificate; her husband has made away with the preacher and he denies his own child, which is born between the third and fourth acts. Then the heroine's father turns her adrift in the snowstorm. They've got a new electric snow-machine that goes great. It stopped at the first rehearsal and the flakes stood fast in air for a minute, then started back up, but Schwannermann says it will be all right for the first night. They always say that. But anyhow—as the Irish comedian says—annyhow—I've got the best death-stunt in years."

Then he read the harrowing scene? It was trite, and artificial, and mawkish, but there was a certain illusion about it and he acted it well. When he finished, his wife was sobbing away for dear life.

"Isn't that great?" he demanded. "Why, bless your sweet soul, you're crying. Are they real tears, Sue, or only crocodiles to flatter me? Well! well!! well!!! you don't know how happy it makes me to see you cry. It makes me feel sure of the audience. Lordy, but it's fun to see a whole theatre-full weeping! Sometimes I stand behind the box curtains and watch 'em cry, and I giggle like a schoolboy, and I keep saying to 'em, 'Go it, God bless you; cry your fat eyes out. It'll do you good!' It makes me glad to be alive, I tell you, Sue. There is no joy like making a lot of people weep."

A few weeks later, after the success of the play was assured, and royalties were coming in like gentle rain, Mr. Stainer read in the morning paper that Mickey the Mink had been recaptured. He said: "Well, it's a relief to think that scoundrel is no longer at large. Would you believe it, he actually killed a woman. The Governor ought to have been lynched for saving him from electrocution."

Meanwhile, Mickey the Mink, in a smoking-car, bound for Sing Sing, was discussing the drama with a gentleman who had formed a close attachment for him by means of a pair of handcuffs. "An' as I was sayin'," said Mickey, "I'd a like to 've had one crack at dat aut'or before I was sent back up de river. He ain't got de heart of a yaller dog, he ain't. Why, he ackcherally let dat poor lady freeze to deat'. Plain moider, I call it. He'd otter go to de chair for it."

VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

By Beatrice Grimshaw

The Wooing of Te Paea III

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Buried Her Hands in Mahina's Curly Black Hair

IT WAS full midday when the schooner Sybil dropped anchor off Liali Island. The hot season was at its height. The long, white coral strand blazed in the sun, the moated lagoon was raw emerald, the waveless outer sea blue fire. Beyond the beach stretched a green, grassy lawn, dotted with quaintly-shaped Norfolk pines, tall palms and feather-tressed ironwood trees, and against its enameled background rose a palace like a picture in a fairy tale—white, long-windowed, lofty-towered, and crowned with a crimson flag set below a gilded vane.

Vaiti, standing on the break of the poop, looked critically at the island and liked it well. A mere little matter of kidnaping somebody's indentured laborers—the sort of thing that any gentleman with an extensive island practice might easily find himself obliged to do—had brought about her father's expulsion from the New Hebrides labor trade and obliged him to seek new fields for the activities of the notorious and naughty Sybil. Saxon himself was virtuously indignant, Vaiti not particularly sorry. She was getting tired of the gloomy, feverish New Hebrides and their ugly savages. The Eastern Pacific was her heart's home, after all, semi-Polynesian as she was, and even the wild excitement of the cruel Western Isles could not hold her away very long. So, when Saxon was wavering between the advantages of strictly illegal gun-running in the Solomons and honest trading about the Liali group (which had just wrecked its native schooner and was open to employ a successor), Vaiti's influence went for once on the side of peace and virtue, and the course was set for Liali. The group was new to both father and daughter, but was none the less attractive on that account, since all over the wide island world the Sybil and her owners were best loved and most warmly welcomed where they were least known.

The Liali group, as many people in the Southern hemisphere agree, offers the nearest possible approach to comic opera known off the actual stage. Liali itself, the chief island, is as pretty as a toy-box and quite extraordinarily theatrical in appearance. Its handsome, merry, brown people wear the most picturesque costume in the Pacific—a knee-length kilt of fine cashmere, girded by a deep sash of pure silk and worn with a silken or cashmere shirt, or a graceful sleeveless tunic, according to sex—all in the most vivid of sea and flower colors. Liali is civilized, after a fashion. It goes barefooted and barelegged, sits on mats, lives in reed-woven houses devoid of furniture, worships a sacred lizard on the sly, and sometimes breaks out openly into club-fights and devil-dances; but it has a king and a palace and a parliament, a brass band, and quite a number of very active nonconformist churches, run by white missionaries who find that "laboring" among the well-off and amiable Lialians is a task in which missionary life can be combined with quite a number of pleasant alleviations.

Nothing in Liali is entirely what it seems. The palace, when one comes close to it, is perceived to be built of painted wood, like a "practicable" scene in a theatre. The parliament never passes any laws, because the lords, who are chiefs, always on principle throw out every bill introduced by the vulgar commons, just to "teach" them. The prime minister is oftener in prison for "*lèse-majesté*" than out of it, and several chancellors of the exchequer have been transported to the colonies for theft. But there is a real throne in the palace, all crimson velvet and gilt wood, and a wonderful gold crown (the verdigris is cleaned off it with a wad of cocoanut husk by the chief equerry every Saturday afternoon), and when the king goes out in state he wears a purple velvet train held up by two pages in tights and plumes, and a marvelous ermine robe, all exactly like the Savoy theatre in the consulship of Gilbert and Sullivan. On occasions not of state he sits cross-legged upon the palace parquet, clad in a shirt and a kilt, and plays écarté with his native guards.

There are a few colonial traders in Liali and a dozen or so of the English "legion that never was listed"—just such as one finds in all the odd corners of the Pacific—talkative, plausible, thin and nervous, given to avoiding home topics, and discoursing with awful fluency upon small local politics; hospitable, restless and lazy, and usually married to some dark beauty of the islands who has grown as fat as a feather bed and spends a fortune on store muslins.

These, as a matter of course, took possession of the Sybil's people at once, hardly waiting for the schooner to cast anchor before they were alongside with their boats. Saxon and Vaiti were swept ashore immediately and begged to make their home in half a dozen different houses. With a fine sense of the fitting, Saxon selected Bob Peters' public-house, misnamed hotel, and immediately held a levee, wearing his smartest Auckland suit (not paid for and not likely to be) and looking, with his heavy, old-fashioned cavalry mustache, blond-gray hair and well-set up, though rather bloated, figure, quite like a somewhat seedy Milor on his travels. And, as a matter of fact—but that is Saxon's long-buried secret and must not be told.

Vaiti, splendidly attired in a flowing island robe of yellow silk, with a gold chain twisted through her misty black hair, sat in the midst of a court of her own and drank expensive pink lemonade to her soul's content. She was reveling in the sights, the sounds, the smells of the dear Eastern islands once more. She had a necklace of perfumed red berries around her neck and white "tieré" flowers behind each ear, and the well-remembered scent almost intoxicated her. Outside she could hear the boom of a dancing-chant broken by interludes of clapping, and from the very next house, a big native reed-built structure, came now and then, in the quieter moments, the sonorous voice of a Lialian man calling out the names at a kava-drinking.

The double soul, that is the curse of the half-caste, surged within the girl. This, this, this, and all it meant—how she loved it! And yet, the wild, fierce life of the Western islands, the chance, the risk, the strong wine of danger, adventure, power! The two natures of the soldier of fortune and the sensuous island princess, who had given her birth, fought together in her heart. If one could eat one's cake and have it! If one could sleep all day, crowned with flowers, under the singing casuarina trees, and yet be the daring Sea-Queen, the "Kapitani" of the Sybil! If only——

Vaiti shook herself impatiently in her hammock-chair and asked for gingerbeer with sugar in it. She hated thinking, and felt as if she were going mad when the half-white brain in her pretty dusky head took a strange fit of sober industry. Swift, instinctive plotting and planning were one thing; deliberate reflection was quite another. Ugh! She must be sick!

The sickness passed away and she began to listen and watch in her old fashion, smiling all the time to the compliments and sweet sayings that were being poured into her ears. A trader was telling her father all about the latest dynastic crisis in the monarchy, and Saxon was not even pretending to listen. The affairs of "niggers" never interested him unless there was a question of immediate profit ahead.

"You see," said the trader, "King Napoleon Timothy Te Paea III, which is his full title, wants for to get married. He's thirty, and there's no heir. And, there being just the two Lialian princesses that wasn't his sisters—Mahina and Litia—what does he do but go and propose to both of them and, of course, gets snapped up like winkin' by the two. It's no small potatoes being Queen of Liali, mind you—Te Paea gets lots of money out of the fruit and copra taxes, and then the crown lands is half the island, and there's presents besides. And he's a real king, if he is coffee-colored. Why, the kings of Liali goes back hundreds of years before Captain Cook—and he was in Henry VIII's time, wasn't he? And if you see the pink satin chair in the throne-room, and the phonographs, and musical boxes, and albums, and lookin'-glasses, and the lovely wax flowers in cases, and real hand-painted oil pictures—ah! it's a good job, is Te Paea's, and either Mahina or Litia's going to be a very lucky girl. What he'd like, you see, is to marry both of them, same as his old grandfather—only *he* married nine, he did. But the king's a churchgoer, good as they make them—when he don't forget or want a spree—and of course the missionaries won't hear of his havin' two queens.

"And says he: 'Mahina is real fat; there's nothing mean about Mahina; she fills the eye,' says he, 'and that's what a Lialian likes, for they don't hold with any sort of stinginess,' says he. 'But Litia,' he says, 'has eyes like the buttons on his Auckland boots, they're so round and black and bright,' says he; 'and she walks for all the world like a lovely young mutton-bird,' says he. And what's a king to do with both the girls' relations fighting and squabbling over him like land-crabs fighting over a bit of fish, and he, himself, liking them both, and the girls clean mad for him—because, you see, Te Paea, he's a handsome fellow, and when he's got his military uniform and all his orders and medals what he drew out himself on paper and got made in Sydney, he's a fancy man, he is.

"The wedding's to be in three weeks and the invites is being printed down in Auckland, all in silver, with a blank to write the bride's name in—and the House of Lords has bought the bride's dress for her—which is what the king says it's their right to do according to custom—and no one knows which he's going to marry and no more does he. And it's my belief that there'll be war over it before all's said and done, for Mahina's people say they'll burn down every village belonging to Litia's tribe, and Litia's folks, they say they'll kill Mahina's people's cattle and cut up their gardens. That's the way things are, and you may take my word it's a pretty kettle of fish."

"What are you giving for copra at present?" asked Saxon, yawning unrestrainedly, and the conversation turned at once to the inevitable trading "shop."

A few days afterward the Sybil spread her wings and started for Waiwai, the outermost of the Liali islands. She was to make the whole round of the group afterward, and might not be back for some weeks, so that it seemed likely that Saxon would miss the festivities of the king's wedding. This, Vaiti declared, was no reason why she should miss them, and she insisted on being left behind. Saxon was not too well pleased, for if he had a remnant of conscience left it was connected with the care of his daughter, and he did not quite care about leaving her alone in a group to which they were both strangers, but Vaiti promised to behave like a saint, and furthermore said that she would stay with one of the married traders, and not in the native villages. She also added that she meant to stay anyhow, and that it was no use making a fuss.

So the Sybil sailed away out of Liali harbor and became a little pearl-colored pin-head on the blue horizon and then melted quite away. And Vaiti went to the tin-roofed shanty belonging to Neumann, the fat German trader, who had married a Lialian wife, and was received with the unquestioning hospitality of the islands.

Nobody, among either whites or natives, could talk of anything but the king's matrimonial affairs.

Mahina and Litia both appeared in Neumann's parlor more than once, sat on the floor, drank strong, black tea with a handful of sugar in it, and related their several woes at length. They did not come together except once, when Litia, walking in unexpectedly, found Mahina there, crying into her teacup, and telling Neumann's wife that the king had given Litia a beautiful chemise all trimmed with lace, only the day before, and that in consequence she considered

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of five stories, each independent of the others, but all dealing with Vaiti of the Islands.

him a monster and a perjured villain, although she knew perfectly well that he meant nothing whatever by it. What was a chemise? He had sent her two pounds of stick tobacco the Sunday before last. She would show Litia yet that the king was her king and nobody's else!

Litia, entering at this point, wasted no words, but simply buried her hands in Mahina's curly black masses of hair. Neumann, enveloped in oracular clouds of smoke, remarked sleepily that the princesses were the greatest nuisance on the island, and that he believed the king would run away from the whole set if he could, for he was "by nearly mad-driven on account of their so-tiresome ways, and feared himself to choose, because the one that he had not married had would cause to make war by her people against the one he married should."

During the whole of the fight Vaiti remained perfectly unmoved on a cane lounge in the corner of the room. Not a detail escaped her, all the same, nor did she miss a word of Neumann's remarks, and they made her think.

In the afternoon the dull thud of galloping hoofs along the grass street made Mrs. Neumann run to the door. She called loudly to Vaiti to come.

"It is the king!" she said.

A small victoria, drawn by two spirited blacks, was tearing up the street. Seated alone in it was an extraordinary and notable figure—Napoleon Timothy Te Paea III, King of Liali. He was six feet four inches in height, and over eighteen stone in weight. He wore a scarlet cloth uniform coat blazing with gold, and his heavy, handsome brown face, with its weak, small mouth and black eyes, almost too large and soft for a man, was shaded by a white sun helmet with a wide gold band. He drove furiously, looking neither to right nor to left, and, passing the house like a gorgeous whirlwind, was instantly lost in the casuarina forest beyond.

"That is the king, then?" said Vaiti.

"Yes," said Neumann's wife, "that is the king. And very little any of us have seen of him lately. He is afraid of the trouble he has got himself into; he shuts himself up all the time and sees no one but his guards, and just sends a present now and then, first to one girl, then to the other. And when he drives to take the air he flies along like that so that no one can stop and speak to him. He is terribly shy of strangers. I think it was because the Sipila was here that he did not come out at all last week."

"Is it such a very good thing for the princess he will marry?" asked Vaiti, playing with a yellow flower.

"Very, very good, indeed," replied the Lialian impressively. "She will have a gold crown to wear on her head and sit on a red velvet and gold throne beside the king, and have the most beautiful satin dresses from Sydney, and all her chemises will have lace and ribbons on them. And as soon as the king buys another schooner for himself and Liali she will travel in it with him whenever she likes."

"I think you will be thirsty if you talk so much," said Vaiti rather rudely.

Mrs. Neumann, who had been rather proud to have Vaiti staying with her—since her rank as a princess of Atiu counted for a good deal among the island races—began to dislike her visitor soon after this and to wish her well away. Vaiti was not an angel in the house at the best of times, and she did not trouble to make herself pleasant just then. Indeed, one would almost have thought she was trying to pick a quarrel. And, as that sort of effort rarely goes unrewarded, it is not astonishing to learn that the quarrel came before long—a bitter, loud-tongued dispute that left Mrs. Neumann sobbing in a fat, frightened heap on the floor, and Vaiti, silent but stormy, packing up her camphor-wood box to depart.

Neumann, being afraid of Saxon's possible anger, tried to keep her, but she laughed in his face and went on packing. There was an empty native house—little more than a palm-leaf hut, once tenanted by a Chinese trader—standing by the road about half-way through the great casuarina forest; a lonely, ramshackle place, used and wanted by nobody. There and there only Vaiti would go, taking mats and cooking pots with her to stay until her father came back. When some of the islanders betrayed meddlesome curiosity as to her motives and the missionaries declared they scented scandal, Vaiti silenced and terrified the one and convinced the others that she was hopelessly beyond the pale, by giving out that she was something of a witch and meant to go into the forest to gather and prepare certain powerful charms. These, she said, would injure only her enemies, but were altogether powerless to hurt any who spoke well of her. In consequence the evil tongues of Liali received a sudden check.

Furthermore, Vaiti, neglecting the half-castes and the whites, began with considerable art to make herself popular among the natives. She dressed herself Liali fashion, and arranged her hair after the island modes. She joined in all their interminable boating journeys and picnics, and was never tired of sitting cross-legged on the ground, waving her arms and head in time with a hundred others and chanting Lialian songs that lasted an afternoon apiece. After dark she was often to be seen out on the reef with a torch and a fishing-spear making an exhibition of piscatorial skill that astonished even the Lialians themselves. When there was an un-missionary dance in some big chief-house Vaiti was always there, decked with wreaths and flower necklaces, and polished with cocoanut oil, turning the heads of all the young men by the grace of her dancing, and winning the astonished approval of the women by the cool reserve with which she received every advance of a sentimental nature. Both Mahina and Litia took jealous fancies for her—thus acquiring yet one more cause of mutual dissension—and separately poured all their woes into her ears. She was wonderfully sympathetic, and urged each one on to assert her rights and stand no nonsense; insomuch that before very long the island was fairly ringing with what Litia's people meant to do to Mahina's, and what Mahina's would certainly do to Litia's, in the event of the king selecting one or the other.

Somebody about this time—it was never ascertained who—spread a report that Captain Saxon of the Sybil had a number of trade rifles on board his ship and several cases of cartridges. The talk began to take a more dangerous turn. The schooner would not be back till the wedding was over, it was said, but let the winning party look out for themselves when she did come!

News of all this was brought to the king by his faithful spies, and His Majesty, Napoleon Timothy Te Paea III, went nearly frantic. He actually began to lose weight—a consummation that all the skill of his European court-doctor had hitherto failed to bring about—and, day by day, he drove more wildly behind his famous blacks, covering mile after mile of lonely forest roads at a pace that brought the horses home all in a lather and the yellow satin cushions grimed with dust. The wedding approached within ten days, the triumphal arches were being erected, the Queen Consort's throne came back from the carpenter, freshly gilded and upholstered, and the band was hard at work practicing the strange conglomeration of shrieks and wails that make up the Lialian national anthem. The bride's dress, provided, according to usage, by the House of Lords, arrived at the palace in a palm-leaf basket. It was a very gorgeous affair—a long, loose robe of orange satin, embroidered in scarlet by a few of the cleverest mission-school girls—and it was of a usefully indefinite size, since the difference between the massive Mahina and the waspish little Litia was almost as great as the difference, of another kind, between their respective parties. The silver-printed invitations for the white people and the chiefs ("To be present at the wedding of His Majesty, King Napoleon Timothy Te Paea III, with Princess ——") came up by a whaleship from Auckland, and so did the wedding cake, largely plaster of Paris. And still the wretched king, lashed by the scourge of his own light-hearted follies, sent pacificating presents to both girls and put off the dire decision.

It was about this time that any wayfarer passing through the casuarina forest "might have observed" a light in Vaiti's cottage late one night. There was no one to observe, however, for the wood was supposed to be devil-haunted, and no native ever passed through it save in broad daylight. When it grew toward sunset the only Lialian who would brave its dangers so far as to rush across it in the red evening light was the king himself, who had been educated in Sydney, and did not believe in devils—much. The forest road was the shortest way home from his usual circular drive and he frequently passed by the cottage just before sunset, driving like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, and looking neither to right nor to left. He had never noticed Vaiti as he passed, for she was always within the house, looking out between the cracks of the palm-leaves, where she could see without being seen.

This evening, long after the king had passed by and the dark had come down, Vaiti sat on the floor of the hut, looking very thoughtful as she turned out the contents of her big camphor-wood box by the light of a ship's hurricane lantern. She was all alone, as usual, and smoking, also as usual. There was no sound in the solitary little house but the sighing of the wind in the casuarina trees and the steady puff of the girl's cigar. Papers, letters, packets of lace, odd bits of jewelry, silk dresses, pistols, knives, collections of rope and twine, laced underclothing, cartridges, feathers, shells, cigars, pearl-inlaid boxes, reva-reva plumes, and a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends garnered from all the four corners of the South Seas, strewed the floor, and the box was still half full. By and by she came upon what she wanted—a roll of stuff done up in waxed paper. She unfastened it and let the contents fall out across the mats under the rays of the lantern. It was a web of pure gold tissue, bright as a summer sunrise, and fine as a fairy's wing—an exquisite piece of stuff which she had acquired from a Chinese trader in Honolulu—by means none too scrupulous—and hoarded away for years. Vaiti looked at it thoughtfully.

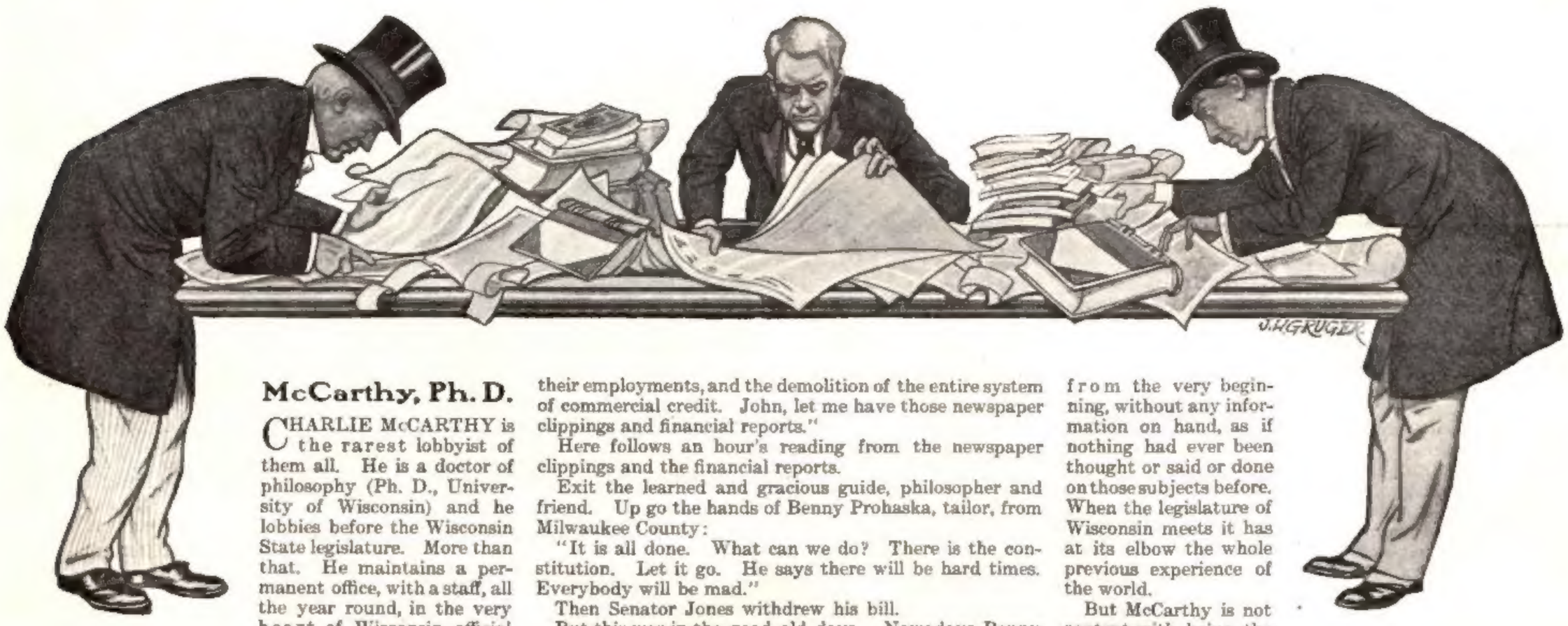
The next afternoon the king drove late in the forest. The sun was near setting, and the rays were slanting long and low among the red trunks of the gloomy casuarina trees, when the spirited blacks came galloping up to the cottage. Every day they had passed it by, a still, brown nest in the shadows, where nothing moved; but this evening, as they reached the spot, something caused them to check and shy, and the king, splendid driver as he was, had some difficulty in pulling them in. When he had succeeded, he

(Continued on Page 30)

That of a Young English Naval Officer Signed Across the Corner, "R. Tempest—Must it be Good-by?"

The King Advanced to Take the Cup from This Unknown Young Woman

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY



McCarthy, Ph. D.

CHARLIE McCARTHY is the rarest lobbyist of them all. He is a doctor of philosophy (Ph. D., University of Wisconsin) and he lobbies before the Wisconsin State legislature. More than that. He maintains a permanent office, with a staff, all the year round, in the very heart of Wisconsin official life, in the State capitol building itself. And more even than that. The State of Wisconsin pays him his salary. He is the official lobbyist of the people of the State, hired to represent them in the lobbying and legislating scramble at Madison.

Charlie McCarthy, known to the university as Doctor McCarthy and to the legislators of Wisconsin as "Mac," calls his office in the capitol building the "Legislative Reference Department." This department contains shelves, books, files, catalogues, magazine articles, newspaper clippings, and all other possible means of gathering and exhibiting all possible information on all possible legislative subjects. It is the Wisconsin legislators' treasury of knowledge. And it is the special aversion of all the lobbyists in Madison, except McCarthy.

In the old days, before the people had a lobbyist, there was a nice, clear field of ignorance and helplessness for the gentlemen with the fur-lined overcoats and the Havana perfectos.

The legislature met. It appointed a committee on railroads. This committee consisted of Simon Farrar, agriculturalist, from Eau Claire County; Ned Moore, miner, from Iron County; Benny Prohaska, tailor, from Milwaukee County; and nine or ten other stalwart and independent American citizens, of good, strong native ability, but possessing about as much knowledge on the subject of railroads as so many new-born calves.

To them, in the midst of their deliberations, enters one of the fur-coated and Havana-perfectoed gentlemen, followed by a lad bearing a large number of big books.

"I am sure, gentlemen," says this weighty stranger—"I am sure that if Senator Jones, whom I esteem as a man of disinterested motives, had understood the true import and purport of this bill, he never would have introduced it. Similar legislation has already been attempted in twenty-three other States. In every case it has been declared unconstitutional by the courts. John, let me have those books."

Here follows two hours' reading from the books.

"And, in conclusion, let me say, gentlemen, that all attempts to tax railroad sidings as if they were part of the main right-of-way have always resulted in widespread demoralization of industry, the ejectment of thousands of industrious citizens from their employments, and the demolition of the entire system of commercial credit. John, let me have those newspaper clippings and financial reports."

Here follows an hour's reading from the newspaper clippings and the financial reports.

Exit the learned and gracious guide, philosopher and friend. Up go the hands of Benny Prohaska, tailor, from Milwaukee County:

"It is all done. What can we do? There is the constitution. Let it go. He says there will be hard times. Everybody will be mad."

Then Senator Jones withdrew his bill.

But this was in the good old days. Nowadays Benny Prohaska shoots over to the Legislative Reference Department:

"What have you got, Mac, about railroad sidings?"

And Mac does not take him to a big, tangled jungle of books on the general subject of Railroads. He takes him to a little case or envelope devoted to railroad sidings exclusively. In this case or envelope Mr. Prohaska will find a condensation of every law that has ever been passed in the United States, or in the foremost countries of Europe, on the subject of railroad sidings and the taxation thereof. Mr. Prohaska will learn just what happened to all those laws in the courts. He will learn whether or not the lobbyist was telling the truth in saying that they had been declared unconstitutional. He will get a summary of the facts on which all such legislation is based. And, finally, he will be given a little course in constitutional law, and will be shown the attitude taken by the constitution of Wisconsin toward the taxation of railroad sidings.

The establishment of the Legislative Reference Department has produced timid sprouts of veracity among lobbyists who feared that it was no longer possible to grow any such crop in their vicinity.

But Charlie McCarthy does not confine himself to the Legislative Reference Department. Every now and then he ties on his Ph. D., walks over to the university and delivers his courses of lectures on political science. He is the long-sought missing link between political science, as taught in the university, and scientific politics, as practiced outside the university.

McCarthy has studied political science with great success. He never needed to study scientific politics. The cut of his jaw, the turn of his tongue and the contour of his name did that for him. With a bigger load of learning in his head than most men can with safety carry, McCarthy floats about among the legislators of Wisconsin and never arouses any suspicions. One politician did, indeed, at one time, run across the story that McCarthy was some kind of doctor—a doctor of medicine, or philosophy, or something. He came to McCarthy at once.

"What's this I hear, Mac? Are you a doctor? What kind of doctor are you?"

"Horse doctor," said McCarthy.

The politician went away satisfied.

Before the legislature meets McCarthy sends letters to all of the members, asking them what subjects they will be interested in when they come to Madison. From the replies to these letters McCarthy learns just what laws are likely to be introduced. Then he begins gathering information. By the time the legislator who is interested in child labor arrives in Madison, McCarthy has a shelf all ready for him in the Legislative Reference Department.

This shelf contains, first, what Doctor of Philosophy McCarthy calls "critical data"—that is, general information on the work done by children all over the world, their wages, their hours, their health and their morals. It contains, second, all the laws that have ever been passed anywhere restricting the duration or the character of work done by children.

When the legislatures of most States meet they start in on child labor, or on insurance, or on railway regulation, from the very beginning, without any information on hand, as if nothing had ever been thought or said or done on those subjects before. When the legislature of Wisconsin meets it has at its elbow the whole previous experience of the world.

But McCarthy is not content with being the whole previous experience of the world. He is also a kind of inverted Supreme Court. Part of the work of his department is to take the law-making aspirations of its patrons and harmonize them with the law-invalidating habits of the judiciary.

During each session of the legislature a constitutional engineer sits in the Legislative Reference Department and surveys available routes through the mountains and morasses of the constitution for the benefit of legislators who really want their laws to remain permanently on the statute-books. This lightens the labors of the courts and saves the money of the taxpayers. It is cheaper to hire a man to draw the laws constitutionally than it is to convene a special session of the legislature as soon as the judges have knocked out all the results of the regular session.

The most difficult task ever thrown at McCarthy in the way of drawing laws proceeded from an agricultural legislator who arrived from a remote county, and who informed him that it was necessary to revise Section 1873.

"Amend it how?" said McCarthy.

"How do I know?" said the legislator. "Amend it. That's all. Amend Section 1873. The people in my district all over everywhere say: 'Amend Section 1873.' I must not go back till it is amended."

"What is it about?" said McCarthy.

"What difference does that make?" said the legislator. "Just you amend it. And I'll be back to get it to-morrow."

This man was a hard man to satisfy, but, speaking generally, the courses in political science given by Charles McCarthy, Ph. D., in the capitol building at Madison have proved so fascinating to the legislators of Wisconsin that frequently, during the legislative session, the Reference Department is obliged to stay open all night. And the appropriation for the department has been boosted so fast that, at the last session, Mac was obliged to step in and ask for less money than he was about to be given.

That was a unique moment in American political history. And it would never have arrived if the Reference Department had not been clearly and unassailably non-partisan and unprejudiced. It takes no sides on anything. It simply provides knowledge. Therefore, even the Socialists, who can smell a rat through a

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS
ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

ten-foot stone wall, have their laws drawn in the Reference Department under McCarthy's eye. When the Socialists admitted that McCarthy was fair everybody came in. All hope of a scandal vanished.

Last winter a spacious and affluent man came to Madison, bought much refreshment, informed the legislators that thirty-five other States had contributed large sums of money to a certain patriotic purpose, bought more refreshment, and expressed the opinion that Wisconsin ought to come up with about $100,000. While the matter was being discussed McCarthy happened to be passing by.

"What's this?" he said.

The spacious and affluent man looked at him indifferently.

"This, my son," he said, "is a bill to make bedbugs stay on their own side of the bed."

The laugh was on McCarthy.

But that night the Legislative Reference Department telegraphed to thirty-five State capitals. When the legislature met next day the answers to those telegrams had been received. They failed to coincide with the jocular stranger's statements by about the distance of the diameter of the earth. The legislature changed its mind. Instead of giving $100,000, it gave nothing. The no longer jocular stranger shook his fist at McCarthy. But McCarthy seemed to be absorbed in a zoölogical controversy with one of his assistants on the subject of the migratory habits of the *Cimex lectularius*.

Before McCarthy became a doctor of philosophy he played football at Brown University and was named on the All-American team. Consequently, he does not feel very much embarrassed when a large lobbyist looks annoyed. Besides which, McCarthy, being the lobbyist for the State, ranks all the other lobbyists in town. He is the dean of the corps. He can look at all the others through a monocle.

It pays the State to have a lobbyist. McCarthy's office costs $4500 a year. Its value to the State will run into the millions. This is the happy result of the fortuitous concourse of a political science university department, a scientifically political State legislature and a football-playing Irish doctor of philosophy in the same town at the same time.

Woodruff's Missing Cipher

WHEN Timothy L. Woodruff, of Brooklyn, was first nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of New York he was informed it was customary for candidates for such high office to give money to the State committee funds for carrying on the campaign.

"How much?" asked Woodruff.

"Well," said a friend, "you are pretty rich, having a million or two, and they probably expect a good-sized sum from you, or else," continued the friend candidly, "they wouldn't have nominated you. I'd give them a good round sum."

Woodruff considered. He is very rich, but he is also a good judge of money and aware of its value. After two or three days of counsel, he wrote a check for $2500 and sent it to Senator Platt, the Republican leader in New York.

Platt received it, but returned the check by the same messenger, and with it sent this note:

"*Dear Tim:* I am sending back this check for correction. You forgot to put enough ciphers on. It needs one more to make it of the right size. Please rectify this trifling error and return at once."

Rough on the Flies

DR. JOHN H. GIRDNER, the alienist of New York, was visiting an insane asylum. He met a man in the hall.

"Who are you?" asked Girdner.

"Me?" said the man. "Why, I'm here, but I ain't crazy. Not on your life. All the rest of them are crazy, but not me. I'm an inventor. I have got an invention that will make me so rich that John D. Rockefeller will look like a poor man beside me."

"What is it?" asked Girdner.

"A patent fly-catcher. Greatest thing in the world. Here, I'll show you how it works."

The man took a sheet of paper and drew a bird-cage. "That," he said, "is a parrot's cage—just a common cage—but you observe that on this side there is a door with a heavy iron knob, and that there is another door on the other side, also with a heavy iron knob.

"Now, you see, you take this parrot's cage and put it on a pedestal fourteen feet high, the pedestal standing on a marble slab. Then I place a ladder on this side, reaching up to one door, and a ladder on the other side, leading to the other door.

"This is how it works. The unsuspecting fly comes along and climbs up the ladder on this side. It opens the door by means of the iron knob, walks through the cage and opens the door on the other side. Then it starts down the other ladder.

"That's where we catch him!" the inventor continued excitedly. "That's where the invention is. That's where I shall get my money. You see, the fourth rung is missing in this second ladder, but the fly doesn't know it, and he falls on the marble slab and breaks his neck."

Not the Shortest Way Home

ONE of the men famous in newspaper circles is the late Wilbur J. Chamberlin, who was known as "Jersey" Chamberlin to distinguish him from other Chamberlins in the same line of work.

Chamberlin went to Cuba for the New York Sun to help report the Spanish War, and, after that short foray into the fields of glory was over, was assigned to remain there for a time and watch things.

He remained some weeks, and then started North on the Kanapaha, which craft ran on the rocks. Chamberlin

Charles McCarthy

arrived in Key West on a lumber schooner, and was quarantined because there was yellow fever in Santiago.

"You can't land here," said the health-officer.

Chamberlin made a most plausible argument. He explained that he had lost clothes and money in the wreck, and that he must cable to his paper for funds. The health-officer told him that he might sneak to the office on condition he would return at once to the lumber hooker, and Chamberlin promised.

He cabled for two hundred dollars and returned to his quarantine. Next morning the man in the cable-office came aboard with the two hundred dollars. With him came a policeman.

The cable-man paid the money and the policeman promptly arrested Chamberlin for going ashore in violation of quarantine, despite Chamberlin's loud cries that he had permission. They fined the law-breaker $175 of his $200 and ordered him to leave the place at once. The only way he could leave was to give the skipper of the lumber schooner his remaining twenty-five dollars to take him to Havana, the nearest port, where he arrived without a cent, a hundred miles farther from home than he was when he started.

The Trouble with Harrison

THE late Senator M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, was bitterly opposed to the renomination of President Harrison. Quay maintained that Harrison could not be reëlected, and the result showed the correctness of the judgment.

During the convention at Minneapolis, when Quay was trying to name anybody but Harrison, one of Harrison's friends went to Quay and said:

"Senator, why is it you dislike President Harrison so thoroughly?"

"Well," Quay replied, "one reason is this: Harrison never does exactly what you want him to do. He always puts some embarrassing trimmings on. Should you ask him to lend you five dollars, he would not do that. Instead he would hand you $4.75 or $5.25."

Mr. Cleveland Scored Five

THE late William C. Whitney wanted to do something out of the ordinary when he gave his first Cabinet dinner as a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet. He scoured the markets of Washington for delicacies. For fruit, he decided he would have peaches.

It was the middle of February, and there were no peaches in Washington. He found a man in New York who said he could get some, and Whitney ordered several baskets.

The dinner was a great success. In discussing it next day Judge Lamar said: "Those peaches were fine, Mr. Whitney. Where did you get them?"

"In New York," Mr. Whitney said. "A man there found them for me."

"Peaches in February are certainly a great treat," continued Lamar. "If it is a fair question, how much did they cost?"

"They cost forty-eight dollars a dozen," said Whitney.

"And did President Cleveland eat any of them? He is so fond of fruit."

"Did he eat any of them?" exploded Whitney. "I thought he rather crowded the mourners. He ate five!"

Checkmate in Three Moves

A TRAMP, forlorn and ragged, but unmistakably a professional beggar, called at the Chinese Legation in Washington.

"Please, mister," he said to the butler who came to the door, "I wish you would give me some money. I haven't eaten anything in a week."

"The Minister does not believe in giving money to beggars," said the butler.

"Then gimme something to eat. I'm very hungry."

The butler looked the tramp over. "It is against our rules," he said.

The tramp was persistent. "Well, anyhow," he said, "do something for me. Can't you gimme an old pair of the gentleman's pants?"

"Don't wear 'em," said the butler, and closed the door.

The Hall of Fame

℄ E. G. Ridgeway, of Everybody's Magazine, wins cups in golf contests.

℄ Mayor McClellan, of New York, is an inveterate novel-reader. He always has a pile of new books at his elbow, wherever he is.

℄ William H. Taft, Secretary of War, and at this writing Provisional Governor of Cuba, has begun to put on flesh again and must resume his diet.

℄ William R. Hearst, the Democratic and Independence League candidate for Governor of New York, is more than six feet tall and big proportionately, but he has a squeaky little voice.

℄ Timothy L. Woodruff, the chairman of the Republican State Committee in New York, hasn't worn a fancy waistcoat for ten years, but no cartoonist ever draws him without one.

℄ Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, made $25,000 this summer lecturing before various Chautauqua Assemblies. He gets from $250 to $400 a lecture. It pays better than farming.

℄ Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee for Governor in New York, goes to Switzerland every year and climbs mountains for six weeks. He has done that every year for thirteen years.

℄ Governor Higgins, of New York, who will retire from politics next January, doesn't need to worry about his future. He is worth $7,000,000, which he made in groceries, in oil leases and in copper mines.

℄ Charles G. Bush, the New York World's famous cartoonist, had a stroke of paralysis some months ago. By infinite labor he has taught himself to draw even under the conditions imposed by his disease, and is still at work.

FAKING FOR FAME

The Confession of a Press-Agent

By WILL A. PAGE

Worth Half a Column and a Picture of the Pig

WRITERS of popular novels would perhaps scorn classification with theatrical press-agents, but the same talent, developed to a greater or lesser degree, is manifest in the writings of both. And in point of originality, at least, the press-agent is supreme. He cannot utilize ancient devices and time-worn tricks, like the writer of fiction, for his medium of publicity is the newspaper, where absolute novelty is demanded. Almost any fanciful story will be accepted by a New York newspaper nowadays, provided the facts set forth offer some novelty. Leading ladies who lose their diamonds are ignored, but an actress riding up Broadway with a white educated pig on the seat beside her is worth half a column and a picture of the educated pig.

It is little enough excuse for faking to plead that one is well paid for faking about theatrical stars. Every prominent actor or actress starring at the head of a company employs a press-agent, who, in most cases, is paid to see that glowing stories about the star find their way into print. Sometimes these stars select their publicity-promoters in person, but more often the managers engage them. Many stars affect to despise such advertising methods, and deplore conditions that make it impossible for them to appeal to the public patronage only through their artistic endeavors, but the best of them ultimately admit that, after all, acting is a "business," and publicity pays. There is only one thing worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.

In the course of my career as a press-agent for prominent stars I have probably given publicity to approximately one thousand five hundred fakes, great and small. Fate decreed that Henry Miller and Richard Harding Davis should be the first shining marks selected as the objects of my skill. To the credit of both, I may add that each was innocent of my intentions. Indeed, the best way to succeed with stage folk is never to take them into your confidence. Either because of extreme moral sensibilities, or a fear of being detected as an accessory, few stage stars will knowingly permit a press-agent to deliberately hand out a "fake" story. If the story "lands"—in other words, if the story is printed as a true story in the newspapers—these same stars will secretly congratulate you on a "good story," but it is always best not to let them know what you are preparing. Then, if you fail to get them printed, they never know it.

The Young Man was Photographed and the Story Sent to the Papers

Mr. Miller had just purchased a new comedy from Mr. Davis several years ago when I joined his business staff as advance agent, which is a technical term for the man who travels in advance of a star to let the public know, by fair means or foul, that he is coming. This comedy, The Taming of Helen, was the first play ever written by the noted novelist, and, naturally, the newspapers were anxious to print interesting facts about Mr. Davis and his maiden effort.

On the opening night, in Rochester, Mr. Davis made a speech, and just as he began the curtain was lowered, almost hitting him on the shoulder. Warning cries from the audience saved him just in time, but he undoubtedly had escaped injury by a narrow margin. The opportunity for a display story was there, however. It was so easy to say that the curtain did hit Mr. Davis, that it knocked him forward into the footlights, and that the doctors who examined him feared one of the ligaments of his shoulder was strained. This slight basis of fact was elaborated with such ease that every newspaper next day published it without question, and it advertised the play extensively, though Mr. Davis was much annoyed.

Luckily, for me, Mr. Davis decided to travel with the company for a few weeks. In Elmira, one of the trunks was lost. The costumes for the supers who appeared in the ballroom scene were sent on to the next town. One of the supers was supposed to represent the French Ambassador, though he had not a line to say. Mr. Miller jokingly asked Mr. Davis to lend his dress suit to the super who played the French Ambassador, and the author promptly responded that he would walk across the stage himself when the butler called: "The French Ambassador's carriage!"

Sure enough, Mr. Davis did it. This slight fact of Richard Harding Davis actually walking on as a super supplied the material for nearly a column of matter. I telegraphed to many important papers, describing in detail how the author stepped into the breach at the last moment when an actor was taken sick, and was able, by his familiarity with the lines of his own play, to act for a single performance the very important part of the French Ambassador—"otherwise," concluded my report, "it would have been necessary to close the theatre and dismiss the audience, as no one else knew the lines of the rôle, and it was one of the most important parts in the play." That explains how Mr. Davis woke up the next morning to read glowing tributes to his talents as an actor.

Glad to Get Anything Resembling Men

These slight indignities heaped upon the good-natured novelist were as nothing, however, to the reception I virtually compelled him to give at his home-town, Marion, Massachusetts, to the members of Mr. Miller's company. We were playing in Boston then, only an hour's ride from Marion, and one day it occurred to me that we might get plenty of advertising by taking the company to Marion and giving a free performance of The Taming of Helen, as a compliment from Mr. Davis to his townspeople. I went hurriedly to Marion to consult with Mr. Davis, but he was not at home. I looked over the town hall, of which the town barber is also the manager, and decided that it might be possible to give a performance, though not with our own elaborate scenery. With unlimited nerve, and without consulting either Mr. Miller or Mr. Davis, I went promptly to the telegraph office, and notified the Associated Press and all the New York papers that Richard Harding Davis had invited Henry Miller to bring his company to Marion and give a complimentary performance of The Taming of Helen to an audience composed for the most part of country people who had never been inside a theatre.

Can you blame either of these gentlemen for being blankly amazed when they read, next morning, a circumstantial account of something each knew to be untrue? Yet, after the first gasp of astonishment, each believed that the other must have concocted the scheme, just as I expected they would. When, next day, they met in Boston, this conversation ensued:

"Great scheme of yours, Dick. When do we come?"

"My scheme? I know nothing of it, Henry. I thought it was yours."

"Then we're both fooled."

"Anyhow, it's a good idea. I'm game for it if you are."

"Very well, then. We'll do it."

And thus it happened that they made good my fake. Mr. Miller and his company did go to Marion, and gave a performance which is still talked of by the simple folk of that town, who calculate time from "that spring the Miller troupe came here to act that play Mr. Davis wrote." After a unique matinée in a tiny town hall, we adjourned to the beautiful country home of Mr. Davis for a splendid lunch on the lawn, and, for once, I felt that faking has its compensations.

Maxine Elliott firmly disapproves of anything not strictly true, and would sooner be ignored than treated as a subject for baseless newspaper items. During the two years that I acted as her business representative there were numerous temptations to disregard her wishes, for the newspapers were especially anxious everywhere to print stories relating to the beautiful Maxine.

This temptation proved irresistible in St. Louis, however, when I discovered that Miss Elliott was booked to follow her husband, Nat Goodwin, at the Olympic Theatre. Miss Elliott played in Milwaukee while Mr. Goodwin acted in St. Louis. The earliest train which she could take for St. Louis reached there at 7:30 o'clock Sunday night, and Mr. Goodwin had to leave for Omaha at six o'clock. A chance remark made by Mr. Goodwin in lamenting the hard luck that took him away without a chance to see his wife gave me an idea. "It's her birthday, too," he had added.

Fine for publicity! Mr. Goodwin, according to the papers, hires a special train for her from Milwaukee, arriving in St. Louis at nine o'clock Sunday morning, so that the comedian and his wife can celebrate Miss Elliott's birthday together. It only costs Mr. Goodwin about five hundred dollars for the special train, but he rightly argues that it's worth that much to see his wife for a few hours on her birthday.

I afterward discovered that Miss Elliott's birthday happened to be the Wednesday on which I had the conversation with Mr. Goodwin; and, instead of Mr. Goodwin paying the expense of the special train, it was run through by the Alton Railroad as an advertisement, without any extra payment, as we had to use four cars anyhow on tour with Her Own Way, which made a fairly good-sized train by themselves.

In justice to both Miss Elliott and Mr. Goodwin, it is only fair to say that each was delighted at the idea of the special train.

When Clyde Fitch's ill-fated play, Major André, was put in rehearsal, I called on the author at his quaint home in East Fortieth Street to talk about the play. Among other things, he handed me a carefully-prepared paper with at least a dozen excellent suggestions for arousing interest in the play through newspaper publicity. One of his best suggestions, which we carried out, involved a trip by Clyde Fitch and Arthur Byron (who played the title rôle) to place a wreath on the André monument at Tarrytown, and a pilgrimage to the scene of the execution. We made the trip in a comfortable automobile belonging to Manager Frank McKee.

During the season I acted as Miss Olga Nethersole's representative it was one of her fixed rules invariably to receive me at eleven o'clock every morning and read clippings from papers that I brought to her. She was apparently never at a loss for a topic upon which to be interviewed for publication. Last winter, for instance, she was greatly interested in the campaign for the prevention of tuberculosis. She took it up as a fad, found out that no other prominent actress had explored this virgin field, and soon I had her attending congresses of physicians who discussed the subject. It would, of course, be ungallant to the lady even to intimate that the inspiration for this activity could be found in the publicity attached to her hobby. I rather think I overdid it, however, when I let the newspapers know that Miss Nethersole intended to retire after eight years to become a nurse in a tuberculosis hospital.

In Chicago I found a valuable ally in the Woman's Club, which was talking of establishing an Art Theatre to purify the stage; and when I gravely offered to have Miss Nethersole give a special matinée

Sure Enough, Mr. Davis Did It

The Club was Instantly Divided into Two Factions

to aid the cause, the club was instantly divided into two factions, one favoring the offer, the other fearful that Miss Nethersole might give Sapho to help uplift the drama. The actress, I may add, knew nothing of my offer until after the storm of controversy broke.

One of the best romances I can recall turned out to be a perfect windfall of good fortune for a young man who has excellent cause to rejoice in the theatrical custom of expanding the truth. His name is Isaac Routman,and he was a poor Russian Jew, without money and without work. According to the story as it appeared under sensational headlines in a newspaper, Isaac Routman was a huckster, a peddler of fruit, who, while merrily calling his wares on the Bowery, attracted the attention of Dr. Holbrook Curtis, the celebrated throat specialist, who was struck by the silvery tones of the young huckster's voice. The huckster eagerly told the story of his ambition to become a great singer, and Doctor Curtis sent him to his good friend, Charles Dillingham, manager of Miss Fritzi Scheff, who was appearing in her new opera, Mlle Modiste, at the Knickerbocker Theatre. (Note how adroitly the advertisement is introduced.) Miss Scheff heard Isaac Routman sing, and all present declared, "He is the equal of Caruso." Miss Scheff herself rechristened him "Rafael Caruske," a combination of Caruso and De Reszke, and then the young man was photographed and the story sent to the papers.

Now, Miss Fritzi Scheff is one of our most carefully-guarded song-birds. No story must introduce her irreverently. No fakes must be told of her. Every line I ever wrote about Fritzi Scheff was the truth, as far as I knew it. Miss Scheff did hear this young tenor, she did rechristen him "Rafael Caruske," and, moreover, she engaged him for her company, is now paying to have his voice properly trained and developed, and expects that he will become a great tenor in time. But Isaac Routman was never a huckster. That bit of local color was added for picturesque effect. He was a clerk in Cincinnati, sang there for three years in a church choir, and even acted once or twice in amateur operatic productions, before coming to New York to seek an engagement with an operatic company.

"But," I can hear some reader expostulate, "do you mean to assert that the great American newspapers deliberately print fakes about players? Is it possible you are able to deceive them or do they knowingly print falsehoods?"

Bless you, dear reader, that is the hardest part of a difficult game—to induce the newspapers to print our little romances. But the craving for novelty is such nowadays that certain newspapers are always glad to receive items of novel interest, provided they are not palpable lies. Other newspapers demand proofs before printing anything.

The clever press-agent combines an ounce of truth with a pound of fiction. If it is the romance of an attempt to poison a popular actress by sending her poisoned candy, he must produce the box of poisoned candy, even if he has to send it to the actress himself. In the case of a rescue from drowning, the actress must fall into the water, and must be carried fainting to the hotel to be attended by a reputable physician, who, of course, does not know that the actress can swim like a fish. These stories, which can be at least partially confirmed, usually get printed, perhaps with a few lines of ridicule for the press-agent, but still they get printed; people read them, and the actress gets advertising.

The attitude of most newspapers toward a story issued by a press-agent is well illustrated by an incident that happened during the engagement of My Wife's Husbands at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. This theatre boasts of a double stage, built like an elevator, rising and falling, to save the trouble of changing the scenery. When the first act is over the stage is lowered into a pit forty feet deep and the second-act scenery comes into view on the upper deck, which is lowered level with the audience. It occurred to me, one night, that it might seriously interrupt the play if one of the leading characters should be accidentally carried down the elevator-pit on the lower stage, find himself stranded in darkness forty feet below, climb up a ladder through a coal-hole, and make his entrance on the stage, covered with grime and dirt, just in time to take up his cue and save the play. I selected Mr. Robert Payton Carter, a well-known comedian, as the victim of this unfortunate accident, and without consulting him in the least sent out the story to the newspapers.

It was odd, and it was entirely plausible. Such a thing could have happened. Several papers printed it verbatim, and others threw it into the waste-basket, but only one New York newspaper took the trouble to investigate. When the man who was then its theatrical reporter came to the theatre that night and asked me for further facts about Mr. Carter's unusual exploit, I replied

Calculate Time from "That Spring the Miller Troupe Came Here to Act"

"The whole thing is a fake. I don't mind handing out little romances in typewritten form, but I refuse to utter a lie direct when a newspaper man looks me in the face and asks for the truth."

"I thought it was a fake," said the reporter, "but it's a good fake; so I'll print it anyway."

And he did—nearly a column. So once more I realized that there are times when it pays to tell the truth.

Where They Come From

SENATOR BACON, of Georgia, was discussing the race question. "It is surprising," he said, "what subterfuges colored people will use to get into places from which they are barred because of their color.

"One day a man, apparently white, came into the best restaurant in Atlanta. The head waiter looked him over and thought he had negro blood in him. In fact, he was a very light quadroon.

"'Here, you,' the head waiter said, 'you are colored!'

"'Oh, no, I ain't,' the man replied. 'Not in the sense you mean.'

"'But you are mighty dark.'

"'I know I am, but that is because I am a Malay.'

"The head waiter was nonplused. He looked again and then asked suspiciously: 'What is a Malay? Where is he from?'

"'Why,' said the man easily, 'Malays are from Malaria.'"

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

IV—(Continued)

SAM looked inquiringly at Sampson Rock as Sampson Rock looked at his son until his mind, torn suddenly away from the battle-scenes of the ticker, wondered: What if Sampson Rock died suddenly? To-morrow? Next week? Next year? Die he must, and there was Sam, the same Sam he had always been—the same boy without any thought of the morrow, without the vision of a life of work, without the ears to heed the message of the Rock destiny; who had accomplished nothing; who might accomplish—what?

Sampson Rock had used the brain that had been given to him, animated by the spirit that had been born in him—a spirit that, with the march of the years, had moved steadily in one direction as inexorably as the years themselves moved toward eternity. Sam had been his joy and his wife's, the proof and reminder of their love. But with her death the child had failed to hold his father's blind adoration. The loss of her was too vast a void for Sam to fill, and to Sampson Rock work, at first a solace, became a fixed habit. To work was to think, to think was to live. His affection for his son was enough to supply the little *boutonnière* of love, and that was all the garden Rock needed or had time to think of. In his half-conscious search after an excuse for the exclusion of other human and humanizing desires he found it in efficiency. It became the sole goal, the excuse, the yardstick of his life. If a certain type of man can't use his heart he must overwork his head or die.

Never before had Rock cared poignantly that Sam did not care for his business. Some day Sam would. Some day some men will make their wills. In gradually becoming less interested in the fluctuations of railroad stocks and more in the railroads themselves, Rock had himself grown marvelously, especially in the last five years of his fifty-five; for in the "hard times" his brain and his courage had found an opportunity, and with the ending of the commercial depression, the opportunity had burst into full blossom, as he had expected. In the stock-market, while his wife was alive, he had found an easy means of livelihood. But he had come to see in it merely the means to an end, until his enemies reluctantly called him a reformed gambler. And because of his own changed point of view toward business and therefore toward life, he came to realize the brevity of the individual span. Having founded a dollar-dynasty, he desired permanency, a work that should endure, his only immortality. And now, thinking of his only son as a possible successor, he was not comfortable. His mind, enmeshed in coils of ticker-tape, still wrapped in the acquisition and scientific development of the Virginia Central, could not solve in an instant this poignant problem of his heir—the heir not to his money but to his work, the work that was his soul, and should live and wax greater after him. He could not expect Sam, a boy for all his five-and-twenty years, inexperienced for all his occasional visits to this office, uninterested because ignorant, to become at one jump the intelligent lieutenant of a captain of industry; nor that a trip around the world should teach him business sense and Wall Street methods and the comprehension of the work his father had done, was doing and hoped to do. Nevertheless, because he had thought of Sam as the future master of the Roanoke and the pilot of its destinies, he was disappointed. There was so much to do that he could not do it all; he did not wish so much to do it himself, but that it should be done. Sam ought to complete the work. And Sam——

Took to Telling His Jokes

"D——n it!" said Sampson Rock aloud. He was speaking to himself. He had been alone a great deal.

The Lord of the Ticker was a human being, after all. The exclamation made Sam laugh.

"Market going against you?"

It was asking it with a carelessness that was not intelligent that touched the raw spot and silenced the ticker. Rock said very quietly:

"Sam, I wonder if you'll ever be serious?"

"Serious? Sure! Easiest thing in the world." Sam looked at his father confidently.

"Look here, Sam, we must have a long talk, you and I. You are no longer a boy." Sam had some rejoinder on the tip of his tongue. But Rock, to prevent another cold shower from falling on his dreams of the Rock destiny, went on quickly: "It's about time you did something—I don't care what; but something. Use your brains, if you have any." Rock looked away; then he looked at Sam steadily.

Sam stared back at his father in amazement. When he answered it was with a sort of amiable acquiescence:

"I'll have to find out about the brains. But I certainly want to do something. I met a chap at Cannes by the name of Darrell; a mining engineer from Denver. Nice fellow; he rode with me when I tried for the Gordon Cup."

"What do you want to bother with mines for?" Rock interjected impatiently.

"What for? To do something, of course. It's better than doing nothing, isn't it? I'd like to go West. Do you want me to go in for that?" He pointed to the ticker.

"It's my business. It ought to be yours." Rock's lips were pressed together. The ticker was whirring and clicking away madly—unheeded.

"Don't like it; never did," said Sam shortly.

"You know nothing about it," retorted Rock impatiently. "You never will, probably. But I'll be satisfied if you realize that you are no longer a boy. Do you think you do realize it?" Rock evidently was not convinced at all.

"Oh, yes," said Sam, so slowly as to convey an impression of premeditation. "I realize it as well as I realize that if I went into your business I'd lose my temper too many times a minute. No, thanks. The simple life for mine."

Absence had blurred the outlines of Sam's image of Sampson Rock, making the colors softer and more beautiful—a trick that absence, like death, is apt to play with affection. The sneering incredulity of Sampson Rock, therefore, seemed so uncharacteristic as to come as an unpleasant surprise, and it stung Sam's temper into a quick rise. But the sting was not deep and Sam smiled, a trifle forgivingly—it was the ticker game that made his father unamiable. He said, conciliatingly:

"I'm too old to begin as office-boy now. That's what you ought to have done with me, if you wanted me to become a great man. But never mind, Dad. Suppose we talk it over in words of one syllable? I'll listen."

Sam's very words betrayed the absence of genuine intimacy between father and son. Both were older; each knew it, and neither admitted it to the other in his speech.

The telephone bell on Rock's desk rang impatiently. Sam felt that the man at the other end of the wire was in a hurry. It made him notice which telephone it was. He said: "Let me answer that for you. Try me."

"This isn't play," retorted Sampson Rock brusquely. He went swiftly to the table and took up the instrument.

"Hello!—Who?—How are you, Tuttle?—Virginia Central? I don't know anything about —— You heard *I* was selling it? Well, you know, Dunlap has other customers besides myself.—Eight thousand shares?—What did you pay?—Oh, the deuce!—That was pretty high, but it probably will sell up there again some time.—Robinson meant well by his advice, I suppose. Are you sure you know whose stock it was you bought?—I don't mean to suggest he sold out on you, but—— I really can't say.—I don't feel like giving you any advice, Tuttle. The market looks pretty sick to me, but there ought to be a rally.—Yes, yes; I remember what you did for me last year.—Of course, if you put it that way, I'll give you my opinion.—It's only my opinion, remember.—I firmly believe Virginia Central is going down.—Oh, several points!—Well, I myself haven't as much of it now as I had last week.—Don't repeat this, will you?—Good-by, old man.—Don't mention it.—Nonsense.—Good-by." He put down the transmitter, hung up the receiver on the hook and ran to the long table. He took up the last instrument. Sam was watching and listening intently. He was more than eighteen now.

"Hello! Hello!" Rock said impatiently. "Are you asleep?—Mr. Chase, at once.—Hello! Chase?—Go in and offer down five thousand shares of Virginia Central.—Pratt will buy it from you.—Wait until he gets there before you begin." He put down the telephone; took up the one next to it and spoke sharply: "Mr. Pratt!—Yes, hurry up! Hello! Hello!" he almost shrieked in his anger. Seconds counted. "Hello, Pratt!—This is S. R.—Archie Chase has an order to sell five thousand Virginia Central as low as he can.—You buy it all and—— *Listen!*—A customer of Hardwick, Bunner & Co. is going to sell eight thousand.—They'll probably sell more; they have quite a lot in their office.—Take every share.—Don't let one get away from you.—Clear it yourself.—Hurry!"

He hastened to the ticker and gazed intently at the tape. Sam knew enough of the stock-market to understand what had happened. Chase would sell five thousand shares as low as he could, as though he were executing an order for a panic-stricken client, instead of a manipulative order from Sampson Rock, who would buy the same stock from himself through Pratt—Chase would see to it that of all the brokers who might be buying, it would be Pratt who got the stock—which was a violation of the Stock Exchange rules, as well as of the rules of fair play. It would depress the price so that by the time Tuttle's eight thousand shares came to be sold, Tuttle would find a weak and lower market; the stock would be sacrificed, and his father would get it cheap. There was no sense in thinking of his working in Wall Street. He would not. He might as well make it clear to his father now, once and for all. But there came to him a sudden desire to make sure first, in order to be just and intelligent. He asked:

"Father, is this man Tuttle a friend of yours?"

Sampson Rock, not lifting his eyes from the tape, nodded. He had no time to do anything else—Chase and Pratt evidently had sprinted from the telephone booths to the Virginia Central post—the stock was breaking half a point at a time. And here came twenty-five hundred shares at 44—three thousand at 43¾—two thousand at 43½. Tuttle's stock was changing ownership.

Sam saw no reason now for restraint of speech. He did not even think of such restraint. His father's acknowledgment of friendship for the man who had rung the telephone bell so impatiently that Sam could tell by the sound he was in a hurry made the hot disgust he had left become cold and compact—the phenomenon of molten iron cooling. He said: "He asks your advice. You give

"Sam, I Wonder if You'll Ever be Serious"

it. *Sell out!* Your brokers hammer the price down——"

Sampson Rock held up a hand to command silence while he kept his eyes unblinkingly on the tape, unable to turn his head at that moment; but Sam went on:

"And then you rake in friend Tuttle's stock at bargain prices. That's to pay friend Tuttle for the favor he did you last year. Great game, that! It's a sin not to make money if people throw it at you when you tell them to. But me for the mines," he finished, with a resolute look.

"Forty-two and one-half, seven-eighths; three; a quarter; three-eighths; a half! All over. They got it!" muttered Rock. He looked up, and seeing Sam's eyes gazing steadily at him, remarked absently: "She went down fast!" His thoughts were on the stock. But of a sudden he remembered that he had heard Sam speaking to him, and then he was conscious of groping in his mind for the words that his ears had heard, until they came back to him. His face flushed slightly; and he said, with an unpleasant calmness that might have frightened a man less like himself than his son:

"The price *is* going down. I'm going to put it down and he'll save a great deal of money. He gets forty-three for it by selling now, but I'm going to make it sell at thirty before I'm done."

"The price is not going to stay at thirty. And you know it." Sam's chin was thrust forward and he looked unblinkingly at his father.

"What's that got to do with it?" Rock's voice was still unpleasantly calm. It was manifestly impossible for a stock-market general to take the entire stock-gambling world into his confidence. That was so obvious as to require no demonstration. But to Sam his father's composure was so suggestive of an utter absence of remorse that he retorted: "It's got everything to do with it. And after you scoop it in, what's the next chapter?"

"It goes into the Roanoke and Western——"

"At thirty, of course," Sam nodded, in sarcastic self-felicitation. "That's where the philanthropy comes in."

Rock's face became livid. Sam's speech was not all; there was also Sam's exasperating ignorance.

"It's worth more to the Roanoke than to any one else and they'll gladly pay a fair price," he answered, the business end of it before his mind. Then he added: "You don't know what you are talking about. It is a bad habit of yours and the sooner you lose it the better."

"To profit as an individual first; then as one of several stockholders of the Roanoke. Yes; that's a good paying habit. I guess I'll go into mines and lose some of your money for you for a change. Or I might just keep on running over people with my new machine. I'll give 'em as much chance as if they were in Wall Street."

"You jackass!" said Sampson Rock, his fists clenched, his eyes burning. "Do you know what I'm going to do?" Some of the newspapers might editorialize their disapproval of his methods in Sam's words, but that wouldn't annoy him after the deal was over. To have his own son permit himself opinions born of crass ignorance angered him for many reasons.

"Yes, I know. A jackass couldn't help knowing. It's as plain as the nose on your face. You are going to make money by doing things I wouldn't do," answered Sam. The old man's face did not frighten him, but after he had spoken it softened his own heart. He had evidently shaken the old man's very soul. For that he felt sorry. It deepened his affection, but it did not weaken his conviction that it was not a square game.

"You wouldn't because you couldn't," said Sampson Rock, his voice husky with passion. His soul was flooded with a light that made him see what he sincerely thought was the truth about himself, crystallized and sharp of outline, as many men see it only when they feel themselves misjudged. It was not the practical dreamer, not the stock gambler nor the railroad builder that spoke, but a man with a ruling passion goaded into defending himself and his steady march toward a goal, driven into an audible soliloquy:

"You wouldn't because you couldn't," he repeated. "I am going to get control of that railroad because it's feeble, stunted by lack of brains, mismanaged by incompetents. This world has no room for incompetents. The weak must go to the wall, that the strong may live and grow stronger!"

"Why must they?" interjected Sam sharply. In his father's face he saw a ruthlessness so unreasonable that he clenched his fists and felt like fighting for the weak—an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober rather than unfilial hostility.

"Why?" Sampson Rock's echoing monosyllable was almost a snarl; the upper lip rose, exposing the teeth. "Because they are useless; they are the dogs in the manger of this world. They obstruct progress. They interfere. They have no right to live if it means to stand in the way and keep others from working. Dogs in the manger!"

"Tough on the dogs. I suppose they interfere with *that?*" Sam pointed to the ticker. "They keep other people from making money. Off with their heads! They're in the way!"

Making money—that was the crime the mob always imputed to the men who did good work. Rock almost shouted: "Do you think it's only on the Stock Exchange that my work shows? Or in my bank account alone? What do I care for *that?* But I tell you—*you!*—that it is going to show in Virginia, in the coal-mines that I shall buy, and the manufacturing towns that I'll develop, and the seaports that I'll open I'm going to make money—lots of it. And I'll pay for it by giving to Virginia better and cheaper transportation than she has now, or ever has had; and that will mean growth, business, more wages to more people—there, in Virginia, and here, and in Europe, and all over the world. It won't mean that I—*your* father—have cheated people out of some stock, but that Sampson Rock, with his brains, has done something to make his country richer and greater, to make his fellow-men—thousands of them, hundreds of thousands of them—earn a better living. The making of money is nothing. The doing of the thing—that's the thing! And I'll do it because it's my duty, because I can do it and they can't! Bet on fluctuations? I *make* them in order to carry out my plans. And if stock gamblers are crushed and incompetents are killed, it is because the world must go forward. It's the survival of the fittest, and *I* am the fittest! I'll get that road and I'll extend it and I'll merge it with mine, no matter who stands in the way, because I'll use it better than he can, and I know it. What's this man's eight thousand shares alongside the bread and butter of eighty thousand people? Make money? Of course I make money—for good work well done. And you? How much have *you* earned all your life? How much can you earn? What work can you do? The next time you talk to me about my business," he finished, "get *facts!*"

Sam's face was pale, and his eyes, wide open with amazement, stared at his father. The resistless energy of the old man's words almost gave him a sense of physical fatigue. The glimpse of a naked soul had startled him even while his kinship with that soul—the soul of a fighter—had made him glow with a vague feeling of admiration, in the wake of which came a certain uneasiness at possibly having misread and misjudged. He was certain his father had told the truth as he saw it, but somewhere, he also felt, there was an undetermined fallacy. The frank ruthlessness of a strong man was not pleasant. A man need not be an idealist, but neither need he be a mucker. Every man could be square. The world must go forward without regard to the individual; but railroads didn't have to be extended over the corpses of those who were not born strong, whose financial weapons were as straws against the bludgeon of Rock's millions. A captain of finance must work and be paid; he might take, but he must also give. And this captain of finance, who glorified strength, to whom the individual was nothing and work everything, was his father, his own flesh and blood—he took and he said he gave. Was the exchange fair? Sam was now not sure that it was not.

Sampson Rock was looking at the ticker, but his mind was elsewhere; his heart was beating too fast; the tape was merely a strip of paper with meaningless figures on it. He drew in a deep breath, muttered "Bosh!" and began to pace up and down the room.

His son approached him and stood squarely before him, so that Rock had to stop. He glared at his son; but there was a resolute look on Sam's face as he held out his hand, man to man, and said: "I'll get facts before I talk to you about your business again." It was not a menacing tone, but a judicial. It conveyed a subtle sense of conditional apology—should he have been mistaken.

Sampson Rock looked at Sam keenly. This boy was his heir; but he was more; he was *Her* son. He had *Her* mouth. And because of it the father suddenly felt the blood-relationship, with his heart as well as with his head. He shook hands and said, so very gruffly that it meant something else: "I should also have mentioned common-sense, if you can get that." In thinking only of the boy and not of the heir, Sampson Rock ceased to be an efficiency-mad captain of finance and became a father, his affection growing stronger with each breath.

Sam retorted: "Well, I ought to; I'll work hard; and then, I am your son, Dad." It was no longer man to man with Sam, but son to father, and Rock was conscious of it, and conscious that he had already forgiven the offense and the ignorance.

When Sam was a child and misbehaved *She* used to say proudly: "Come and see what your son has done!" Rock remembered now, a sturdy little chap, full of life and whimsical child-ideas. . . .

Sampson Rock said: "And your mother's, too, Sammy. Your mother's, too."

He looked steadily at Sam, and it came to him that this was the boy She had loved so much that when She went She thought not of *his* son but of Hers. On her death-bed, that gray Sabbath dawn, She had said: "My boy, my darling boy, I can't leave you! I can't! I can't!" And little Sam was not there at all while "big" Sam stood beside Her, holding Her hand, in plain sight of Her, so that She could have thought what it meant to leave him. Only of little Sam She thought, of Her beautiful little son—"Come and see what *your* son is doing, Daddy!"—And this was Her son and his, heart of Her heart, love of Her love. He had Her mouth, so that his smile was Her smile. . . . The shadows that the magic lantern of memory throws on the soul are musician-shadows that play strange tunes on the heartstrings even of captains of finance.

The tone in which his father spoke about his mother made Sam approach him, his mind silenced, his heart eloquent. But Sampson Rock, American by birth and undemonstrative by nature, disregarded the hand which his son—*his* son—penitently held out to him and instead kissed *Her* son on the cheek. He moved away quickly, and said very quietly: "Go home and see to your things, Sammy. And hunt me up at the Union Club at five, won't you?"

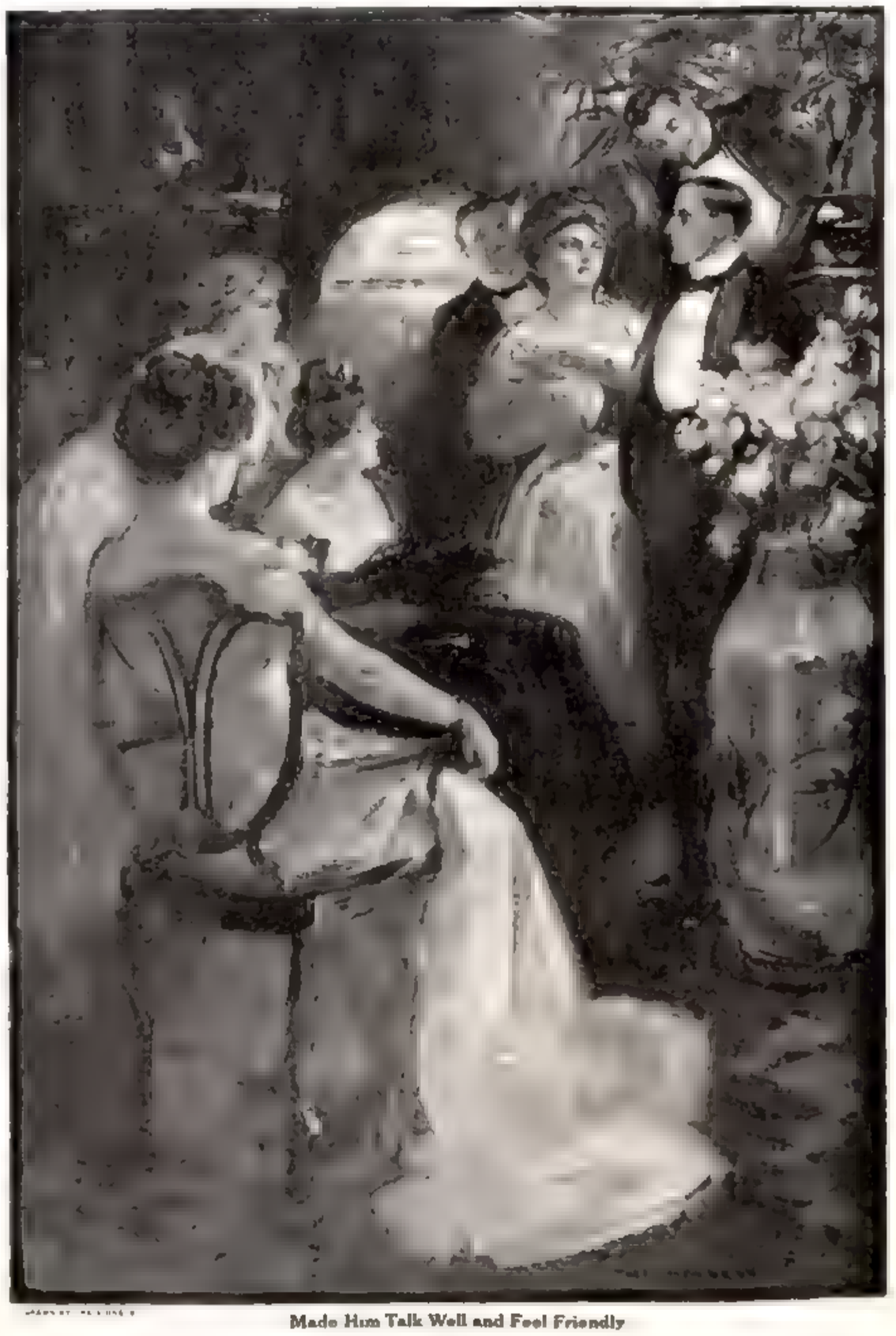
He walked to the ticker and began to study the tape.

Sammy closed the mouth that sheer amazement had pried open; then opened it again and, forgetting all about the unfair game of the ticker and the self-apologies of its votaries, and thinking remorsefully of an affection greater than his own, saw only the father before him. Throwing an arm protectingly around that father he said, reassuringly:

"You are all right, Dad!"

V

THEIR first evening together was less satisfactory than Sam had anticipated, because several of Rock's Wall Street friends at the club did what they were in the habit of doing nightly—sat down to talk with him. Rock had not thought of a special dinner in honor of Sam's return, as Sam's mother would have done, but, like Sam, he had meant to dine at home. The decision to remain at the club seemed to have been forced upon him by the intrusive friends. Sam himself had not attached a symbolical meaning to a dinner of father and son in the home that should have brought to them a sense of their blood-relationship and its sentimental obligations, but he had hoped



Made Him Talk Well and Feel Friendly

to learn more about his father's work and plans and intentions, and their possible bearing upon his own future. He resented the club dinner, which was too much like the hotel life of which he had grown weary in his travels, and was irritated by the feeling that his desired conversation with his father had been postponed by the ticker. It was the ticker that almost had parted them, that interfered even after Stock Exchange hours with the free sway of their mutual affection.

He found the Wall Street men very uninteresting; probably his irritation over their intrusion helped, but he vaguely had expected to find them unusual types. Instead they were quite as commonplace as men whose names never appeared in the newspapers. Their stories were not amusing, their observations on men and manners were not particularly profound and very decidedly not original. The human factor in the business equation, to which Sam attached a new importance since his father's speech, these men in their conversation seemed utterly to disregard, to the extent of almost making Sam feel like a theorist or a schoolboy. When they spoke, in general terms, of some vast deal or another—which, to do them justice, was only at intervals—he was so impressed by the disappointing lack of mysteriousness of the procedure that he concluded that their business operations, for all their glamour, were like any other business operations, plain, simple, a matter of the mathematics of obvious common-sense, neither conceived by an inspiration nor executed with especial subtlety or adroitness, each of these men being merely the shopkeeper raised to the millionth-dollar power. The glamour came from the amount of cash involved; and if they thought nothing of risking one million, it was because they had many of them; their courage, therefore, was neither thrilling nor inspiring. And his father, Sam observed with a half-protesting amazement, was as uninteresting and unepigrammatic, as non-spectacular, as the others. Was it a pose, this deadly dullness? Did these world-famous capitalists, for supremely shrewd business reasons, wear a mask? Were there subtle significances to read between the lines of their speech?

Commodore Roberts, the man who had made a fabulous fortune in leather and had trebled it in industrial consolidations and then had sextupled it in railroads until he controlled—absolutely, the newspapers averred—the third largest railway system in the world, was a short, fat man, bald, with a little gray mustache that was as a label insistently spelling commonplaceness. He had a chronic smirk and deep crow's-feet one of those irritating, fat old men who smile with their eyes also—and he laughed at his own insipid jokes. And the smiles of his punctiliously attentive hearers were not pleasant to see among social equals at the Union Club. Sam heard with pleasure his father grunt from time to time—non-committal grunts, to be sure, and not rude enough to be entirely satisfying, but nevertheless not smiles. The Commodore took to telling his "jokes" to that bright-looking son of Sampson Rock, and Sam laughed—at Roberts' selection of a victim—until the Commodore looked pleased at the triumph of his humor.

Of them all, Sampson Rock alone looked like a great captain of finance, and he was probably the least rich of the crowd—a good-looking chap, the governor; not so tall as Sam by an inch, nor so square of shoulders, and rounder about the waist; but his face was healthy-looking, strong and intelligent, and his eyes were the eyes of a man who could think and who could fight. At times they seemed to film over with a curious impersonal coldness as if he saw little difference between inanimate objects and human beings.

It was the first time that Sam had tried to establish a connection between what the newspapers say a man is and what he looks. It interested him for a time, but it soon palled. Their discussion of affairs did not savor of a conspiracy; they were not loading the dice the newspapers said they used when they played the stock-market; and to escape Commodore Roberts' jokes he excused himself early and drove to the Van Courtlandt-Joneses to see Fanny Collyer.

The man whose life he had saved at college—Francis Van Court'andt-Jones, now an active stockbroker and only a year older than Sam—to whom he had telephoned that afternoon, had implored him to come to the dinner, an informal affair, only fourteen and all old friends. But Sam had declined; it was his first night back and he would dine at home with his father; but he would be around in time for the dance. There were many questions he wished to ask his father, but he wished to ask them alone. Roberts and the others being in the way, he would do his asking on the morrow. The more he saw of Wall Street men the better he liked Darrell, the Western mine engineer.

The fourteen old friends were still at the table, but they welcomed him effusively. The host, having foreseen such a stroke of luck, as he called it, had given orders that

(Continued on Page 32)

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN SCHOOL-TEACHER

A New Grip on a Lost Ambition

By Forrest Crissey

"We'll Also Have a Few Explosions"

THE young teacher now began to look at life from a new viewpoint. He was awakened to the recovery of a lost ambition, to a soberer sense of responsibility to others and to himself, to a broader, surer grasp of the value and the duty of doing a man's work in the world. He wrote to the County Superintendent for a list of books which would be helpful to a young teacher who had made up his mind to try to make something of himself. The answer to this request was kindly and stimulating, and the list of books recommended was solid and well chosen, including such volumes as David A. Wells' Natural Philosophy and Green's Short History of the English People.

Part and parcel of this new impulse to build broader his mental structure was the determination to build a house of his own. He had saved sixty-five dollars from his earnings, and his wife had come into possession of one hundred and fifty through her family. These sums were sufficient to make the initial payment on a village lot and to buy the stone for the foundation of the house, the lumber being bought on credit.

In those days "sunup" was the signal for the School-Teacher to leave his bed and hurry to the site of his future home, where first he dug the foundation ditches and then tended mason while the underpinning was being laid. Union hours were not then known in Strawberry Point. Getting out the foundation-beams according to the crude working-plans he had drawn was a simple matter, but, when he came to cutting joist and rafter, he confessed himself "stumped." Quickly he called to his aid the friendly village carpenter, who sawed him a pattern of each of these timbers. Vacation was at hand and he hired as a helper, at fifty cents a day, one of his schoolboys.

When the house was barely "sheeted up" and only one room in a half-habitable state, the family partially moved in—the cooking being done on a rough "arch" of field-stone out-of-doors, while the baby and the two-year-old were swung in home-made hammocks. Even the hardships, obstacles and calamities of that season of house-building seemed only to add to the joy of the task. When a stray dog snatched the family beefsteak from the skillet the School-Teacher and his plucky wife laughed over their loss, and when his mistakes as a builder drove him to a seat on the fence to "study the thing out," he felt a glow of unfamiliar happiness.

His hardest problem was the building of the cornice, and in this he made so many mistakes that, when he reached the rear of the house, his finishing lumber was exhausted. Again he consulted his carpenter friend, who said:

"Just put on a dutchman and let it go—it's at the back, anyway."

The "dutchman," or patch, was put on, and it has ever since stood in the School-Teacher's eyes as the most individual touch about the house of his own building.

The unfinished attic was dedicated to his personal use as a den in which to continue the other and longer task of building upon which he had entered. A tacit understanding was established that, once in his retreat, he was not to be disturbed. This practice of having some room in which he was safe from intrusion became a family institution and guaranteed him a sustained pitch of application to study otherwise impossible. However, he could not shut out himself, and at times the spring smells, the shout of happy youngsters and the varied calls of the great out-of-doors world were irresistible; his books were dropped, and he fled from the house, taking the shortest cut to the pasture-lot where he knew the boys were playing baseball. And what a welcome they always gave him! This struggle with the impulse to get with the boys in the sports of the open field was one of the hardest of his life. At last, however, he learned how to hold steady and say no to himself.

Every month he added to his library of solid books, particularly in the line of science, and, in the long night-hours, almost literally ate out the heart of every one of them. His associates in the school noted the change in him, and particularly the principal saw that his growth was like that of the corn in the rich gumbo soil of the Iowa prairies. One day, in the School-Teacher's fourth year in the grammar-room, the principal said to him:

"Ed, I'm going to resign for a place in Dakota. You're an abler man than I am and I'm going to do all I can to get you elected principal." And although this unexpected promotion was given him, it was offered with the understanding that he might not be called upon to do more than "finish out the term."

"They've cut the cloth rather wide for me," he told his wife, "and expect me to teach half a dozen classes, including rhetoric, physiology, solid geometry and natural philosophy in which I've never had a day's schooling—but I'm going to tackle it, just the same!"

He taught these branches and kept a close eye upon the elementary-rooms, and still found time in which to play a little ball with the boys. At the end of the term he was reëlected principal and his salary was raised to sixty-five dollars a month.

The next summer brought him in contact with a new American institution, the "county institute." Here he touched shoulders with men from the outside world of scholarship, men who were forces in the educational world. One institute conductor was the superintendent of the Cresco Schools, another was a Princeton man named Webb, who took long walks with him and talked of Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer and Mill, and lent our teacher the famous old series of "red backs" edited by Doctor Youmans. Here was new meat for his midnight feast, and for months he reveled in Spencer's Study of Sociology, Tyndall's Forms of Water, and Huxley's Man's Place in Nature. Best of all, as they strolled under the stars, those nights of the county institute session, the Princeton man gave the "rough specimen of a school-master" a fine sympathy and a gospel of encouragement that carried far into the years to come. "I didn't have as good a chance as you have," the School-Teacher was told.

His new stock of books kept the School-Teacher digging for two years, and his study of Mill converted him to the doctrine of free trade—and he did not hesitate openly to defend his change of faith. Finally, in 1884, he bolted the Republican ticket and flaunted his Democratic colors in the face of the community, who regarded this defection as "rank heresy." Although reëlected to the principalship, the feeling which his political "brashness" had stirred up in the minds of the trustees resulted in his being shut out of the board-meetings and in being generally snubbed by these local dignitaries. But he had the boys with him as a solid support and his usefulness was unimpaired.

When the "fair-week" vacation came, in September, he decided to pay a visit to his institute friend, Professor Weld, at Cresco, who was recognized as the ablest of the local educators in that part of the State. On the train he met several other teachers who said: "So you're after the Cresco place, too?" His protests that he did not understand their question were answered by an incredulous laugh.

But a still greater surprise was awaiting him when the kindly old scholar at the head of the Cresco Schools confided to him:

"I'm going to leave here at once for a better position, and there is not a teacher of my acquaintance I'd rather leave in my old place than yourself."

"That's out of the question, sir," responded the School-Teacher. "I'm not equal to it. You know I've never had but one term in college and I'm a 'rough specimen of a school-master' at best. No; I can't even consider being a candidate for the place."

"Come downtown with me, anyway," said the Cresco principal. "There's going to be a board-meeting."

Outside the boardroom a man suddenly grasped the hand of the School-Teacher with a grip that told of comradeship. The look of surprise on the face of the local principal was met with the explanation from his townsman:

"We've met at more ball-games and free-trade discussions, Mr. Weld, than you ever attended. When it comes to baseball and Democratic mass-meetings we're the champion pair of fans in Iowa."

The School-Teacher waited in the drug-store for the board-meeting to close, but he had little more than settled himself when he was summoned to appear before the board, where he was informed that he had been elected principal to fill the vacancy, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year. Only after being urged by the fellow-baseball fan and by the retiring principal did he consent to accept, on condition that he could secure a release from the board at his home school.

That night he caught a wild freight back to Strawberry Point and next day placed the situation before the astonished school-trustees of that place. As most of them had made no secret of their hostility to him, on account of his change of political beliefs, they were not in position to refuse his request for a release, and this was granted.

It was a strange situation which the School-Teacher faced, the following Monday morning, when he sat at the principal's desk and looked at the blackboard on which was

He Formed an Off-Hand Acquaintance With the Night-Operator

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles in which is told the intimate life-story of Edwin G. Cooley, head of the public schools of Chicago, and one of America's foremost educators, who has under his charge two hundred and fifty schools, fifty-eight hundred teachers and two hundred and eighty thousand pupils.

written the list of studies that had been personally taught by his predecessor. Of the eight classes in the list, five were studies in which he had never heard a recitation as a pupil! These unfamiliar studies were astronomy, zoölogy, chemistry, physiology and physics.

Although recognizing the crisis which confronted him, he did not for a moment entertain the idea of showing the white feather by shifting these recitations upon his assistant. What should he do? He must think and act at once. Quietly he borrowed from pupils the textbooks of those studies and left the room. Hurrying to the "office" in the basement, he spent the two hours and a half before the first of his recitations in devouring the day's lesson in each of these books. Then he called the first class—in astronomy—and heard the recitation in a manner which evidently aroused no suspicion as to his unfamiliarity with the study on the part of the pupils. Then the next class came forward, and the same tactics carried him safely through the ordeal.

After school he bought the entire set of textbooks and shut himself up in his room in the hotel. There he wrestled with them until about two in the morning, when things began to swim before his eyes. But he must still have hours more of study before he could feel safe for the ordeal of the morrow. Knowing that nothing would brush the cobwebs out of his eyes like a walk in the open air, he went down to the street and began his exercise. The only public place in the town which showed a light at that hour was the station. Naturally he gravitated there and formed an offhand acquaintance with the night-operator, who entertained him for a half-hour with tales of the humors of life as seen by the man at the telegraph key. Then, rested and alert, the School-Teacher returned to his books again and wrestled with them until four o'clock in the morning. With occasional variations, this program was repeated night after night by the School-Teacher until his first year at Cresco was finished—and even after that.

Chemistry was the hardest of the new studies he was obliged to master. It was suggested by the students that the former principal had entertained the class with experiments.

"All right," responded the School-Teacher. "We'll also have a few explosions."

After school that day he bought a few chemicals, retreated to the basement of the school and started in to work out some of the simplest experiments he could find in the book. When he emerged from the experience he had verified his own words—a fact to which his singed eyebrows bore eloquent testimony. In order to illustrate certain planetary movements, in the astronomy class, he made from barrel-hoops a rude "apparatus" which served as an admirable object-lesson and delighted the pupils.

His only relief from the high pressure of his hand-to-mouth mastery of five sciences was found on the ball-ground. Here he established himself as a comrade with the boys and they became his loyal supporters from the start. After three months, at the end of the "unexpired term," he was reëlected for three years at a substantial increase of salary. This was a surprise to him, for the struggle had been so close that he had felt no certainty as to the final result.

While the fight was the hottest, however, he struck a snag which cost him an immense amount of labor, but brought out the dominant note of his character as nothing else had done. Concluding that the textbook of geometry used in the school was behind the times, he sent for Chauvenet's treatise and began to master it. Early in this work he found a problem which he could not solve. Night after night he struggled with it and still it evaded him; but the longer he worked the more determined was he to solve it single-handed and alone. For three months he kept steadily at it. Later he learned that it should have been solved by analytics and should not have appeared where it was placed. He also dug deep into Bledsoe's Philosophy of Mathematics and the best books on trigonometry.

In his last year at Strawberry Point and his first year at Cresco, Herbert Spencer became his guiding star. But when a copy of Sully's Psychology came into his hands his eyes were opened to the fact that perhaps his great fetich was not without faults. About this time he met Professor George P. Brown, an able educator from Bloomington, Illinois, who advised him to write for light to William T. Harris, then of the Concord School of Philosophy—a step which marks the beginning of a peculiar friendship with the man who later became the United States Commissioner of Education.

The School-Teacher's irrepressible energy and his eager capacity for progressive study brought to him, in Cresco, a problem with which he has ever since been forced, in a constantly broadening way, to carry on a running fight. Finding that his teachers were content to drift along on the strength of the attainments which had brought them their certificates and their jobs, he determined to arouse in them, if possible, an aggressive interest in their work. To this end he formed a reading circle and also joined the Monday Club, to which those outside his teaching-force were eligible. Page by page, John Stuart Mill's Political Economy and Spencer's First Principles and Social Statics were read and discussed, and these discussions became recognized as a town institution. Finally it was put into the contract with teachers that they must do a certain amount of progressive work, of study and research.

That Night He Caught a Wild Freight Back

In a moment of retrospection the realization came to the School-Teacher that he had been teaching for ten years, and that he had covered a line of studious reading broader and deeper than the courses of most freshwater colleges. This determined him to try for a life diploma before the State board of examiners, which included the members of the Normal board. He passed well and thought little more of the incident. But the examiners soon after suggested that the Normal board needed him; he became a candidate and was elected. Here he was brought into close association with the foremost educators of the State and his horizon was immediately broadened. His reading, too, took a turn in the direction of pedagogy.

Acquaintance with the geologist and botanist of the State University also added a fresh scope to his investigations; he made a summer field trip with this friend, bought a compound microscope and became deeply engrossed in these studies, especially geology.

Next to his reëlection for another term of three years, the most significant happening of his Cresco experience was his first tilt with the schoolbook problem—but not his last! Returning from a series of county institutes, he was met by a representative of a great textbook company who informed him that an arrangement had been made with the board to "clean up the old stuff" and give the school an outfit of new textbooks in nearly all of the important branches.

"You'll have to guess again," said the principal. "I'm not going to use textbooks of which I do not approve."

Then the agent intimated that he guessed the board would settle that—in fact, had settled it—and the best thing the principal could do was to "be good." That was the signal for a schoolbook fight which made Cresco famous and the name of its school-principal known beyond the limits of the State. After the book-agent and the School-Teacher had made a personal canvass of the town, the former found his work overthrown and his "slate" smashed. But this was not the end of the fight—only the beginning. Soon he found himself called upon to advise the County Board of Schoolbook Adoption, with the result that the "trust" arithmetic, readers and speller were thrown out. Educational men from outside the State came to him on the textbook question.

Directly as a result of this, the School-Teacher received an invitation to become principal of the East Side Aurora High School at a salary of $1700—a position which had been filled by men who had become college professors and presidents and State educational officials. He took the position in August, 1891, and soon found himself facing a new phase of public-school politics the Boss with a pull.

The first morning, at the stroke of the study-bell, the delinquent son of the Boss began to make trouble. He had evidently been a disturbing element in the situation before and was astonished that he could not at once override the authority of this new principal. Two weeks later he was caught cheating in an examination, was suspended and left school. Then the Boss, whose position gave him a grip upon a large body of voters, started out to "get" the School-Teacher. The Boss' crowd elected the president and three members of the Board of Education—but the Boss could not confirm his charges of partiality, and the fight resulted in an increase of salary for the principal. Three months later one of the School-Teacher's supporters on the board died and a special election was held to fill the vacancy. The Boss' candidate was elected and the board stood at a practical tie. Then came the spring election and a fight which passed into local history. The principal was completely vindicated, having buried the opposition and the Boss.

With a prospect of clear sailing ahead, the principal finished his year—and a pleasant year it was, because of his attendance upon the University Extension lectures and the sessions of the Evolution Club in Chicago. At the latter gathering he met Professor Thurston, principal of the La Grange Schools, and many kindred spirits. At La Grange, which is midway between Aurora and Chicago fifteen miles from each—was formed a philosophical club, which the School-Teacher invariably attended. After the close of the school-year the young principal found himself in the most novel situation of suffering from an embarrassment of riches, being simultaneously elected as the head of the schools in Duluth, Aurora and La Grange.

Professor Thurston had been urging upon the School-Teacher the advantages of a university degree and had recommended him to fill the vacancy at La Grange caused by his own resignation. "Now," he wrote to the School-Teacher, "you can come here, take your university work and at the same time earn a good living and care for your family." Although the Duluth position paid a much higher salary, the La Grange offer was accepted. The following summer the School-Teacher matriculated in the University of Chicago, taking English and two courses with Doctor Dewey. In the autumn following he was invited by Dr. Wm. R. Harper to send in a statement as to his school-work elsewhere, his record and the list of books he had been studying. After considerable discussion by the faculty, he was to offer his work for three years of college work, and, if he satisfied the various heads of departments as to his requirements, he might be graduated after doing *one full year in residence.*

He immediately enrolled in a seminary in Milton, traveling to the university after his school was out in the afternoon. When the summer vacation came he enrolled for more work in English, Philosophy and French. At the same time he took three courses in French, covering a full year's work in nine weeks—this in addition to his other studies. Not only did his summer's work bring him his bachelor's degree, but also a recommendation from Professor McClintock for a scholarship in English.

For this showing he received credit—on passing the examinations—*for three years of college work.* He had been going to college without knowing it while digging away in his attic den at Strawberry Point and in his

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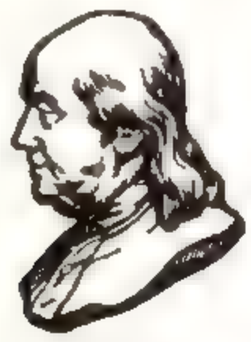
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Cuba Calmly Considered

LEARNED persons say that many of our instincts are survivals of habits and emotions that were reasonable enough when our ancestors lived in trees. This must be kept in mind to understand certain phenomena connected with recent Cuban developments.

One observed, early in the trouble, that there was going to be much disappointment in some journalistic quarters if the insurrection issued otherwise than in armed intervention by the United States and annexation of the island. The facts in the case do not encourage an idea that governing Cuba would be an agreeable task. On the contrary, they suggest bayonets and the mailed hand. Yet many persons were ready to shout for glory if we undertook the job, and turned machine-guns on Cuban ragamuffins. To comprehend this it is necessary to remember that time was when a man was prized solely according to his ability to lick his long-armed, low-browed, hairy-breasted fellows.

During the Cuban crisis three thousand American soldiers were mobilized. How inspiring a sight, as the sun glinted on their serried arms and the grand flag rippled in the breeze! Yet the fine old anthropoid instinct failed to work. There were no huzzahs, no jubilation. For these three thousand soldiers were mobilized in Atlanta, Georgia. They were doing exactly the work which our soldiers would probably have to do in Cuba. But enthusiastic annexationists were very gloomy over the Atlanta situation—at the precise moment when they greatly rejoiced over a prospect of multiplying the Atlanta situation a hundredfold in Cuba. One cannot understand this without remembering cocoanut days.

The case would be different if there were a clear economic motive. But there is none. On the contrary, many good judges hold that annexation would be followed by such a clamor for free trade, which would be so bitterly resisted by a half-dozen trusts that the whole tariff position would be calamitously imperiled. Governing Cuba is an enterprise to be undertaken sadly, not lustfully. The Administration evidently so regarded it.

Financial Trades Unions

WE ARE glad to see a pretty steady growth of trades-unions principles. For example, the Chicago Clearing House Association has decided to make periodic examination of the condition and practices, not only of its own immediate members, but of all the outlying banks whose checks go through the Clearing House by favor of down-town correspondents. Thus nearly all the banks in the city will have to live up to certain rules that are deemed beneficial to the union as a whole, and conduct in the nature of scabbing will meet the collective disapproval of all members in good standing.

The union in New York was threatened with serious internal dissension a year or so ago, growing out of rivalry between the national banks and the trust companies. For the good of the union, however, the difference was adjusted. The trust companies now keep some cash reserve, as the national banks demanded.

The unions do not concern themselves directly with the question of wages. That is, each member is free to charge such interest-rates as it chooses, or as it can get. Several attempts have been made to fix a union wage scale—that is, to prescribe the rate of interest to be charged—but so far they have failed. The unions do, however, in important respects, prescribe the conditions of getting business, regulating, by joint action, the interest-rate that members shall pay on deposits, the charges they shall make for collection of out-of-town checks, and the like.

Every one capable of judging realizes and admits that the banking position in all our big cities is strong, and the security to bank-depositors is increased exactly in proportion as the banks are unionized and pull together. We are glad to see the principle grow.

Down with the Old Masters

AFTER due deliberation, the Treasury Department has decided not to confiscate a Gainsborough portrait which a Western man was importing, nor even to increase the valuation one hundred per cent.; but to increase it only fifty per cent.—from $15,000 to $22,500. The Department explains that its leniency in this case was due to its desire to encourage the importation of valuable works of art. Imagine the feelings of Uncle Joseph Cannon when he hears that!

The import duty on works of art is not for the purpose of protecting anything. Leading American artists, almost to a man, are vehemently opposed to it. The league which has been working assiduously for years to have the duty removed has their hearty sympathy and coöperation.

The duty is not for the purpose of raising revenue, because no revenue worth speaking of is derived therefrom. Its sole important effect is to keep great works of art out of the country. The orthodox stand-patters uphold it just as firmly, however, as though a large population were in danger of having its standard of living reduced by competition with the pauper labor of Gainsborough, Rembrandt and Rubens—or as though a United States Old Masters Trust had to earn dividends on a hundred millions of watered stock.

We do not know just what insidious peril Mr. Cannon and his friends perceive in art that they should be so inveterately suspicious of it—unless, perhaps, they subconsciously feel that its serene, disinterested, enlightened spirit laughs at them.

Revolutionaries and Americans

THE taste for biography seems to be growing. People usually prefer real stories, when they are good ones, to concocted romances. There have been few life histories so stirring and so full of real blood as that of Carl Schurz. For pure adventure, Anthony Hope at his best never beat the recital of Kinkel's escape from prison, nor the cool daring of young Schurz when he dallied in Berlin at the risk of capture to see a performance by a noted actress.

There is a curious similarity between those young revolutionaries of '48 and the Russian revolutionaries of to-day. All alike turned to America for sympathy and financial help. Kossuth and Kinkel came to the States to raise money by popular subscription with which to carry on their schemes and plots. They were enthusiastically received here, dined and fêted; crowds went to hear them talk; the President of the United States and Congress received Kossuth—but the revolutionary agents got little cash. It was not because Americans were close-fisted then any more than now, or unsympathetic with their Italian, Polish and German brothers in their struggle for freedom. But they were skeptical about the success of the plotters and were canny enough to keep out of European family quarrels. Gorky and his comrades, on their recent visit, did not have the social success of Kossuth and his friends, but they are not the same stamp of men. And they have not succeeded in raising money any better than the older revolutionaries. Perhaps Americans still think that liberty never really triumphs through bombs and conspiracies. Schurz realized in '51 that the men of '48, for all their noble aims, had failed and that freedom for his fatherland must come some other way. Freedom did come, and the men who accomplished for Italy and Germany what Mazzini and Kinkel failed to accomplish were Napoleon III and Bismarck! Russian freedom from the Romanoffs and their bureaucracy will come before long, but Gorky and the Reds probably will have little to do with bringing it about. Americans sympathize with Russians in their revolt against terrible wrongs, but they do not draw checks for buying bombs: they like a practical proposition, and anarchistic revolution is not a practical proposition. Schurz saw it and came to America to live.

Try the Golf Cure

ANY sport that takes men from work and demands more than a grandstand participation to be enjoyed is a national boon. Football, baseball and rowing are team-games and not much good as recreation for the many. Tennis and bowling are better, but golf is, in many ways, best of all.

Now that this game has been abandoned by fashion its real merits should establish it firmly on our soil. The chief quality that it possesses as a national sport is that it takes time and hence gives an opportunity for real relaxation and much breathing of pure air. It must be played in some place removed from the city and the immediate associations of work, usually in a countrylike spot where the pleasure of sky and landscape, grass and rolling fields, may be enjoyed in the intervals of athletic effort. It is a companionable game, without being merely social: two are company, and when a couple "tee up" there is the promise of an hour or two of pleasant, untiring sociability. Then it is a "fair" game, and does not encourage sharp practices; and it rewards the defeated player almost as well as his victorious antagonist. It does not tax the nerves as do tennis and baseball, and it promises sport for the duffer as well as the expert.

In the parks of our larger cities there are already good public courses. The time should come when every city or town shall have its golf-course where, for a small fee, any one may play the game and forget his cares, know the feeling of green turf beneath his feet and blue sky overhead.

When Marie Screams

THE rich man is having a hard time of it these days. Surely it is easier for the camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for the millionaire to get a good word from an author. Miss Corelli is the latest to shy a stone at riches; in Treasure in Heaven she batters at the idols of wealth in her well-known abusive style. According to Marie, all rich folks are surrounded by sycophants and parasites; they can't trust their own mothers; and the fashionable world is false and depraved. Incidentally she jabs with her knife at the newspapers and the Church of England. In order to find his treasure in Heaven, a multi-millionaire is forced to tramp through England disguised as a worn-out laborer, and discovers that the poor are kinder than the rich. Having found an unselfish woman and a young man to marry her—who is writing novels on a shilling a day and despises wealth—the multi-millionaire hastily endows the lady with his entire fortune and dies. The estate comes to about thirty million dollars—not big enough to make such a fuss over in this country, where we reckon by the hundred million; but, even so, it was not very kind of David to weight down his young angel with so much base and corruptible metal that he had found useless dross. However, it had to go somewhere, and the novelist probably reformed his views on the possession of wealth and helped the lady to spend it.

Miss Corelli's powers of vituperation do not seem to be on the wane. Her characters are sticks and her ideas about life are ridiculous; but her heart is in the right place—on the money question; and this last screed from her pen will probably swell her treasure on earth.

Labor Wasted

THIS is the time of year when the high-school pupil begins with a sigh his laborious task of studying The Merchant of Venice or Ivanhoe or Silas Marner. For the next four years from one-fifth to one-fourth of his educational effort will be devoted to the subject of English, which means some writing of essays and reading a number of English books scattered from Shakespeare to Kipling. Something like a quarter of his entire education, that is, will consist of reading books that he ought to know how to read by himself, and would probably read on the sly if newspapers were kept out of his reach and the stories, plays and poems were not covered with the stigma of task work.

There is something funny in this serious "study" of books that were written originally to amuse, to delight, and should be read in the same spirit if any good is to be got from them. To study Longfellow or Scott in the schoolroom is like trying to masticate meat from which all the juice has first been extracted by hydraulic pressure. If the pupil's time in school were taken up by subjects that demanded real work from his brain, reading the "classics" would become a recreation instead of a bore.

A Modest Proposal

AN ABLE financial writer recently made a suggestion which, although very novel, might prove valuable in helping some worthy men out of an embarrassing position.

The Pullman Company, like the express companies, finds its huge and rapidly-growing surplus a source of continual annoyance. Small stockholders keep bobbing up and asking a share of it. Eight years ago the company got rid of its surplus by paying an extra dividend of twenty per cent. in cash and fifty per cent. in stock—the stock now being worth about $260 a share. But the relief was only temporary. Earnings are so large that, after paying the regular eight per cent. a year to stockholders, the company again finds itself burdened.

The writer in question suggests that this difficulty might be met by reducing charges and paying employees enough so that they would not have to graft on the traveling public to make ends meet. This suggestion is ingenuous. The great difficulty is that there is absolutely no precedent for it. Charges in other fields are reduced; they partake of the fluctuating nature of merely human affairs. Not so Pullman charges; they are fixed as the central stars.

The Demagogue in Public Life

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

WE OUGHT to be careful how we use the word demagogue. Every reformer whom the world now honors and loves was called a demagogue when he began his reform. He is a "demagogue" when he proposes a new idea which, in the beginning, nobody else cares about; he becomes a "hero" and a "statesman" when at last the idea becomes a law, or when the reform is accomplished and humanity has taken another step forward.

It is very curious, profoundly important, and to the last degree inspiring, to review the advance of the people during the ages. The conflict of popular rights with established privileges takes on the aspect of a wide-stretched battlefield, the hills and apparently inaccessible places surmounted by mighty fortifications, erected with infinite practical skill, manned by alert and seasoned soldiers and captained by the ablest minds of the successive ages.

In the valley are the great struggling masses. It seems impossible that ever they should scale the heights. And yet, looking upon history as such a battlefield, we see advance after advance of this tremendous throng. We see mighty conflicts, and at the end the people lodged and themselves intrenched a little higher up. Then there comes a pause in the primal struggle, a pause which lasts for years, sometimes for decades, and in these intervals he-who-watches-but-for-the-hour thinks that the people cannot possibly get any higher.

Special privilege, says this holder-of-the-minute-watch, is too strongly fortified. The masses are not organized. They are not veterans. They are not skilled as those who defend the heights are skilled, and, above all, they lack leaders, captains; and their supreme want, always, is a commanding general.

During these truces, young men of ability and ambition wanting to get as much out of life as possible are carefully singled out by those who hold the fortresses that seemingly command the whole situation, and their desire for high things is fanned into a flame by offers of places of power, a lifetime of success and distinction. It is pointed out to these young men that, in accepting the proffered career, there is no treason to the people from whom they come; it is pointed out that the people have made tremendous advances and sufficient advances.

"Look at the rights that are already theirs," exclaims one. "And now the proportions have been about properly established."

From the Ranks of the Masses

THUS talent, courage, skill are always recruited from the ranks of the masses to go into the service of and finally into the command of the embattled Interests. And so I say that, to the watcher-for-the-hour, it seems that to secure further privileges for the people is a foolish undertaking, and indeed a wrong undertaking.

But the student of history always has the eternal panorama passing before his mind. He sees that after an upward movement of the people a new intrenchment is captured and further rights secured—rights which, when the charge to capture them was being made, were called revolutionary, but which, when they are secured, are accepted as a matter of course, and usually prove a benefit not only to the people, but to the Interests themselves.

As this panorama of history passes before the philosophic observer, he sees that these intervals, which, to the watcher-of-the-hour, appear to be the end of all advance, are, in reality, but a breathing space in which the people are resting, gathering fresh energies and getting a new survey of the situation. And then the panorama presents another advance, another capture of popular rights, another rest and then another advance. And so the great fight goes on—always popular rights moving upward, not steadily, but by successive charges; always the positions the people win permanently held, and always government and the control of all things coming nearer to the masses.

Of course it takes a long while—this process—but then is it not the great race-struggle? There was the Magna Charta; and then a long period of inactivity. There was Cromwell and the falling heads of the Stuarts; and then a long period of inactivity. There was the American Revolution and English power banished forever from our land—let us hope it is forever!—and then a long period of inaction. There was Jackson and the rights of the people as against the rights of those artificial things called states; and a long period of inaction. There was Lincoln and liberty for all men and manhood suffrage throughout the nation; and then a long period of inaction. And there is Roosevelt to-day and reforms on every hand—and this movement upward is only in its first stage. Every movement like this has been preceded by others of agitation and then has lasted a score of years more. It takes time to get a mighty nation of millions of human beings started on a course of action; and, once started, its march is measured by decades. The pause for rest will not come, in the present movement, for a quarter of a century, if history tells a true tale.

A Small Name for Big Men

THE point to all this is that in every one of these advances of the people the leader was called "a demagogue." That was the best way to describe him in order to make him odious, for, in truth, we all loathe the real demagogue. And that is the very reason why men who are not demagogues at all, but devoted leaders of the people, have always, before their triumphs, been called "demagogues."

And so it is that we ought to be extremely careful to whom we apply this word. Maybe he is a "demagogue," and if so, he ought to be trampled upon and stamped out. But then, again, maybe he is a real leader of the people; and if so, he ought to be exalted.

What we want in public life are men who are trying to do something for the Nation; men who are inspired by public ideals so noble that they are willing to spend the energies of their lives fighting for their fellow-man. That ought always to be the touchstone that determines our judgment. One reason why rich men in public life are a real menace to our free institutions, a distinct and definite danger, is because their wealth and habits of mind acquired in getting that wealth necessarily make them look at all legislation from the point of view of their interests and investments rather than from the point of view of the nation as a whole—they think they are benefiting the nation as a whole when they are preventing injury to their interests, for, to their mind, their interests and the people's interests are necessarily one and the same.

I explained in a former paper that these men are not dishonest at all; but they are in a state of mind which makes them more dangerous to the Republic than if they were really dishonest. This is the reason, too, why the genuine demagogue ought to be thrust into outer darkness. Like the rich man in public life, the true demagogue in public life is always for himself and never for the people. And if he thinks that means an alliance with "The Interests," he becomes the Demagogue of Conservatism, as I shall point out later. But if he thinks the contrary, then he becomes the Demagogue of Radicalism, as I shall also point out later. Both of these types are thoroughly harmful to free institutions.

The True Demagogue in Public Life is Always for Himself and Never for the People

Let us understand what we mean by "The Interests." Certainly not that magnificent system of American business which is rightly one of the chief prides of the American people. This great body of manufacturers, merchants, bankers, etc., ask nothing that they ought not have, generally speaking, and deserve the painstaking and considerate attention of the American people's lawmakers.

But "The Interests" as used in this paper mean those organized and powerful wrongdoers of our commercial world which, for unjust and unrighteous gain, try to secure dishonest legislation or prevent needed reforms, all for their improper advantage.

For example, the organized beef interest is a correct economic development; but when the Beef Trust tried to defeat the Meat Inspection Bill it was one of "The Interests" in the most offensive form. The railroads are absolutely indispensable; are, speaking by and large, admirably managed. Moreover, as the most conspicuous of corporations, they are the favorite targets of demagogues; and they ought to be defended quite as often as they ought to be attacked. But when the railroads combined to defeat the Rate Bill they became "Interests" in the meaning of this paper—and very foolish "Interests."

Again, we are all proud of the American mining industry; but when the enormous mining companies of Arizona, worth many hundreds of millions of dollars, and which are taking untold scores of millions of mineral wealth out of Arizona every year, try to defeat the Statehood recommended by President Roosevelt just because, under it, they would have to pay taxes, whereas they now pay practically no taxes at all, they become an "Interest," and a very vile "Interest" at that. So with the manufacturers of adulterated foods and drugs trying to defeat the pure-food legislation; so with railroads which try to control the nomination and election of public officials—and so on. But business interests which attend to legitimate business are a blessing to the land and are not "The Interests" here referred to.

Free institutions mean that the citizen is the king. But, if the citizen does not attend to his business of kingship, he is treated as are real monarchs who do not attend to their duties of kingship—the power passes into other hands. And among the demagogue who seeks power and nothing but that, the rich man who never forgets his investments, and, finally, the far-flung battle-line of "Interests" who, by some strange insanity, usually oppose most advances of popular rights, the lover of free institutions has got to be on the watch all the time.

Letters with Teeth

I LIKE to get letters from the people. Such letters always have teeth in them. There is always in them the bite of new ideas, always the sting of Shakespearian phrase. Sometimes I get fifteen hundred letters a week from all sorts and conditions of men and women—yes, and children, too—about everything under the sun. Among these there is occasionally a really great utterance. Once an old farmer added a postscript to a letter on something or other, and that postscript was just this sentence:

"Remember the fireside—there is the flag."

I do not know that Wendell Phillips, Patrick Henry or Daniel Webster ever said anything finer than that. I appropriated it—put it in a speech. Here is an extract from a letter by one of the women who make the homes of the plain people the most heavenly spots on this earth—one of those calm, sweet, silent, forceful wives and mothers of the Republic who, all in all, constitute the most uplifting influence among free institutions:

It seems to me that most public men are trying either to get into the limelight, on the one hand, or to take care of some interests, on the other hand. Most everybody seems to be working for himself—for his own career, his own advantage, whether financial, political, social or what-not. What all of us who love our country, and are working quite willingly out among the fields and factories, desire is to see more men who forget themselves and remember the Nation, men who are so unconscious of career that they seemingly wreck it by devotion to this great body of humanity called the American people.

Of course, there are many just such self-sacrificing men in public life, many in the House, many in the Senate. There are men in the Executive Departments whose lives, if written, would make the very romance of devotion to and sacrifice for public duty. I am tempted to name ten or fifteen such men and would do so were it not for the fact that the naming of some would do injustice to others not named.

Of course, above all others, there is President Roosevelt, who gives proof every day that the thing he most cares about in this world is that justice and righteousness shall reign among the American people and that thereby the American people shall day by day grow purer, and stronger and more helpful to the world. Even the closest friends of Theodore Roosevelt are sometimes amazed at his utter and absolute disregard of consequences to himself and to his own political fortunes, shown by his fearless acts for the good of the Nation.

Such men always have been the torch-bearers of civilization, the couriers of a new and a better time. Such men always have, do now and always will lead lives of battle and stress and misunderstanding, and go to their graves with a very small sum of happiness as their reward for their days of turmoil. But such men, after all, never fail to leave the world better than it was when they lifted up their trumpet-voice of protest. And such men I do not include in the term demagogue. Bryan, for example, is no demagogue—I believe that he is wrong on most public questions, but he is sincere. I know men who are called "fanatics" and "demagogues" who are only in deadly white-hot earnest. Let us be careful to do no injustice!

There is only one thing I fear utterly—the danger of being unjust to any human being.

For Self Alone

But the demagogue, as we understand the term to-day, is the man who is as entirely without public conviction as he passionately feigns to have public conviction—that is to say, without the slightest public morality; without caring at all whether a policy or a cause be right or wrong, violently championing or opposing it merely as he calculates that it will help him into some office he desires.

This, of course, constitutes the demagogue's peril to the country. He does not what he thinks should be done to help the country, but what he thinks should be done to help himself. Such a man will be the reddest advocate of war, his speech will be like the firing of volleys, if he thinks the bringing of war will help him politically. And generally such a man does think that; for the demagogue is sensitive to the more violent expressions of public feeling rather than to the steadier consensus of the millions. On the other hand, if such a man lives in a Quaker community, he will be as much the fervent apostle of peace as he would be of battle if he lived where war is popular. The point is that the demagogue himself has no conviction about the matter.

A favorite method of the demagogue, and perhaps the most dangerous of all, is his appeal to classes. I think there has been no case in history where the demagogue has failed to try to arouse certain classes by denouncing certain other classes and by those other arts and tricks which all of us know about so well. It must be admitted, too, that the demagogue usually succeeds at this thing, for a time at least; it is so easy a performance and so sure of immediate success.

Convince any man that another man has something that he has not, and you have excited feelings which, skillfully handled, result first in envy and then in hatred. It is a passion common to all animate creation. You can see it in a dog or chicken when another dog or chicken is getting better food. And, of course, if anybody could succeed in dividing this American people into a lot of hostile classes, things would look pretty black for the future of the Republic.

But if this appeal to class-prejudice doesn't win, nobody can change to another method quicker than the demagogue.

Yet the demagogue can be as firm at times as at other times he is changeable. It is all a matter of calculation. If he thinks that a certain course of conduct will finally win, and win overwhelmingly, if boldly and conspicuously persisted in, nothing will shake him from that position.

But I must admit that some men who are thorough demagogues have, while working out their purely selfish schemes, nevertheless wrought great good for the people. And the thought is compelled at this particular point that free institutions so operate as to result in the ongoing of the people according to the largest sum of public wisdom, notwithstanding rich men in public life, and demagogues in public life, and all other evils of our public life. Indeed, it may be that both of these contribute, by the very warning which their presence in public life gives to other public men, to the make-up of a sound national policy and opinion.

You see, I refuse to be pessimistic about free institutions. I insist upon believing that all the evils that develop under them will be remedied by the curative powers of the people's thought and conscience, just as all evils that develop in Nature are cured by the curative properties inherent in the elements of which the world is made.

Not Fatal

I want to say it over again and in nearly the same words—for I believe in the Scriptural method of repeating: Rich men in public life are not going to be the death of the Republic. Demagogues in public life are not going to be the death of the Republic. Nothing is going to be the death of the Republic, because the Republic is not going to die. And one reason why it is not going to die is that our free thought and free speech will take note of the evils that grow up among us and eradicate those evils. And that is just what we are trying to do when we Americans talk over among ourselves the evil of the demagogue and of the rich man in our public life.

"Why, man alive, think of the injury that law is sure to cause in four or five years! It will work very well for a year or two, but you know what will happen in the end," said an earnest and honest friend of a gifted and brilliant public man who was developing into a leader—but developing into leadership by the methods of the demagogue.

"Of course, old man, I know that as well as you do," replied his friend; "but it is what the people want now; it is popular this minute; it will be popular, as you admit, for at least two years. Well, don't you see I am up for reëlection during that period?"

"Yes, but think of the final effect upon you. Think how the people will turn and rend you when the wrong and unwisdom of this statute shows itself."

"Don't worry about that. By that time the people will be thinking about something else and I will then be championing something just as popular for the time being as this bill is now."

This is a substantial report of an actual conversation which shows the operation of the demagogue's mind as well as anything I ever heard. It reveals, too, in another form the demagogue's real injury to State and Nation. He would write into the statute-books something he knows will be positively ruinous in the end, if he believes it will be temporarily helpful to himself. And if he starts out to enact law, he is likely to succeed; for the demagogue is usually a bird not only of attractive plumage and charming song, but of determined and vulture-like persistence, and he usually secures his prey.

Just as principles, causes and all the worth-while things are nothing to the demagogue, just as he has no fidelity to any policy, so he has no fidelity to any friend. Friends and principles are merely tools, helps, aids—devices by which he works out his advancement. If a man be useful to him, the demagogue will fight for him with a determined fierceness that you would think only the tenderest attachment could inspire. But let him believe that that man's usefulness to him is declining, and then observe the change in his attitude toward his old friend.

It does not make the least bit of difference how much this man has done for the demagogue. The friend may have actually created him as a public character—may have impoverished himself to help his idol for there are generous souls among men and women, who, by idealizing, make idols of certain public men. Such a man may have thrown away his own career to help forward the career of this beloved and worshiped prince of his imagination.

No matter! If his usefulness declines, he is instantly deserted by the demagogue. The manner in which, in Brandt Whitlock's novel, The Thirteenth District, the demagogue deserts his old friends is quite true to public life.

Of course, there are times when public men must turn upon their best friends and destroy them—but that is when those friends have proved dishonest, vicious or criminal. Friendship is a very beautiful thing, but no man in public office has a right to shield a friend whom he finds is a scoundrel and who is using that very friendship as a shield for his crimes. Fidelity to friends must not be permitted for one single instant to interfere with fidelity to the people. When a man becomes a public man, a new set of duties is before him and he must live by a new set of principles.

The Ultimate Remedy

The remedy for the demagogue is precisely the same remedy that we Americans have for every other evil of our public life—a vigilant public conscience and a fearless discharge by each citizen of his duty as a citizen. Get out and take interest in public affairs. Go to those stockholders' meetings, called elections, of this great stock-company of ours called the American Republic. Cultivate your political instinct. Look your public men up and down. Consider the whole course of their lives. Look out for the financial gambler who suddenly assumes a religious attitude and goes about preaching righteousness. Hit your public men, and hit them hard, and see if they ring true. It is not very pleasant to them, but it is the only method of finding out whether they are the right stuff or not.

But do not be unjust to your public men. There is a certain type of public man who earnestly tries to serve the people. In trying to serve the people such men offend great interests which may be looting the people. These interests always have their capable agents in every State, frequently in every community; and these agents—sometimes lawyers, sometimes business men, but always able and resourceful—go about denouncing as a demagogue this real and earnest servant of the people.

It is not good to accept the denunciation of this class of men. Indeed, it is a safe plan not to accept anybody's denouncement of anybody else. Look into the man yourself. See what he has stood for—what, in a general way, his life has meant. Ask what his reputation is at home. Do the people among whom he has lived believe in him? Do they believe that he is honest and true? Has his life been full of lies and cheats and the wronging of his neighbors? In other words, take into consideration the whole make-up of his reputation—survey the current of his whole life, whither it tends in its continuous flow. And then you vote that man up or down just as your conscience and judgment direct you.

All of this is easy to say but hard to get done. After all, if there is any danger to our institutions it is in the indifference of the ordinary citizen to his day-by-day political duties. The fervid, the feverish, wrought-up excitement of great masses of citizens at some spectacular and dramatic outrage does not mean the least thing in the world. The powers that accomplish it will satisfy the blood-hunger of the multitude by throwing the offensive figurehead to the popular fury and setting up some clean man temporarily in his place. But, after the citizen-mob disperses and goes back to its business, the old practices will be renewed.

So that, unless the American citizen takes a part in the management of his government all the time, just as he does in the management of his business, he need not expect any better results than he would have in his own business if he neglected it in the same way. The truth about it is that good government under free institutions means almost continuous agitation, and an activity upon the part of the citizen as sleepless as the activity on the part of the demagogue, or ambitious rich man, or the corrupt politician. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." If we "American kings"—we American citizens—neglect our kingship, we cannot complain if demagogue or rich man seize our sceptre. Free institutions are on trial—free institutions are always on trial! That merely means that the American citizen is always on trial—on trial every day in the year, and every hour in the day.

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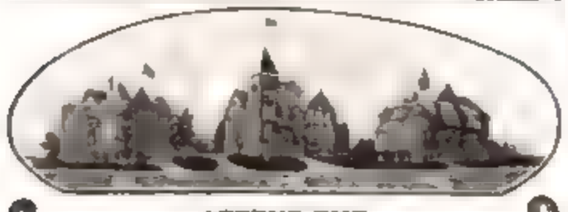

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Sense and Nonsense

Halloween

When she threw her apple-parin' it jest made an
"A" right slick—
Which is what my name begins with; an' I looked
up at her quick,
An' she turned all red an' smily, an' she sort of
caught her breath,
An' my heart begun to hammer till I thought I'd
choke to death
All th' games was played an' over, an' th' folks begun
to dance,
When I train got my senses—an' th' sashay was
my chance,
An' I didn't stop for manners—I jest held her
mighty tight,
An' I sez, with no preamble: "I shall see you home
to-night."
Then I had to step outdoors a spell, f'r air an' room
to stand—
F'r she made no other answer than to sort of
squeeze my hand.
But th' way it set me feelin': . . . why, I knew,
as clear as light,
That th' whole earth was created jest for this par-
tic'ler night.

There 's a moon as big's a barrel, up atop of Heart-
break Hill,
An' a little wind a-whistlin' to itself like, kind of
still;
An' th' dead leaves an' th' cornstalks an' th' frosty
silver grass
Are kep' shuffin' an' a rustlin' by the folks we
can't see pass,
For th' air is full of witches, an' of whisperin' an'
spells;
An' th' potions they're a-brewin' make th' tinglin',
spicy smells,
But th' whole kit an' caboodle couldn't muster sech
a charm
As will be in workin' order when I take Her on my
arm
An' we start off home together, f'r she knows
what's in my mind,
An' th' thing I'm goin' to ask her, when we've left
th' crowd behind,
An' it's Hallowe'en that's spunked me up to sayin'
what I'll say. . . .
Things has cleared up, most amazin', sence that
parin' made an "A." —*Inez G. Thompson.*

Snap Judgments

Love's like money—easy come, easy go.

It is a long Lovers' Lane that has no turning.

Make sure that she's not a chip of the old blockhead.

If your rivals lie about you, you are getting on

Don't go on your knees to her; go in your automobile.

At least it's easier to live within an income than without one.

Love is the one commodity superior to the law of supply and demand.

There is one party to a marriage who never repents of it: the minister can always use the money.

When you're old enough to have learned properly to play the game of love, you are too old to play it.

If you wish adequately to punish the woman who offers to be your sister, make her your sister-in-law.

It Made a Difference

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S home still stands in the outskirts of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Buchanan was a close friend of Abraham N. Cassel, father of Congressman H. Burd Cassel, who now represents the Lancaster district, the Ninth Pennsylvania, and Cassel was president of a turnpike company which owned a road leading from Lancaster past the Buchanan residence.

During the campaign which gave Pennsylvania her only President, thus far, this turnpike prospered on the tolls of the callers who daily thronged to the candidate's home.

"Abe," said Buchanan, the politician, one day, "can't you abolish the tolls, or give a special rate, for all these people? I want to encourage them to come—want 'em *all* to come."

Mr. Cassel promised to consult his directors, and a concession was granted.

After election came the office-seekers, and the home of the President-elect was compassed about like a beleaguered camp Meeting, Buchanan again entreated the road owner.

"Cassel," he said, "for Heaven's sake *keep 'em away!* Can't you build toll-gates reach up to the sky so they can't climb over?"

White as a Point of Interest

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS, telegraph editor of the New York Sun, tells of his first meeting with William Allen White, of the Emporia Gazette. Mr. Matthews was "doing" the West for a monthly magazine. Finding himself at Topeka, Kansas, one Sunday with nothing to do he decided to go down to Emporia to meet the distinguished editor. He found Mr White at home, and, after telling him who he was, said that he had come to Emporia to see the town.

"Well," replied Mr. White, "there are just three things in town to see. I'm one of them, and Mrs. Plumb's new house and Charley Cross' Hereford bull are the other two. You can look me over, and then we'll go and see 'Wild Tom' and the town mansion."

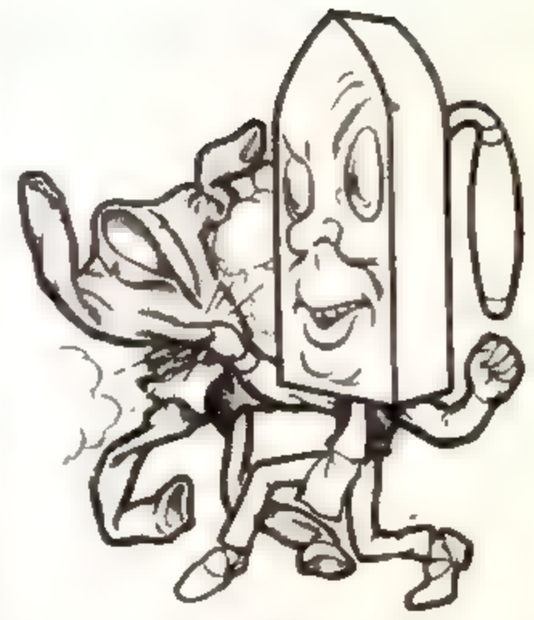
The Ruling Passion

THE story they tell of the death of Alfred Beit—the South African millionaire, the ower of diamond mines and gold mines, who for three or four years drew ten million dollars a year from the pockets of the silly peoples of Europe—was singularly impressive. He lay dying in his magnificent bedroom in his magnificent house in Park Lane.

At about ten o'clock at night it became plain to the watchers by his bedside that he wished to say something; and, since it might very well be something which would shake the money-markets of the world to their foundations, some last command hurling his slipping millions into the financial battle with crushing effect, no pains were spared to give him utterance and to catch the utterance when delivered. A heart-specialist was summoned to administer restoratives; Klein, the millionaire's secretary, hung over his dying employer; a stenographer was seated close to the bed.

For three hours the efforts of the specialist were vain. The dying millionaire would rise to the very verge of utterance; his lips would move, and the watchers would stoop over them in a feverish anxiety to catch the faintest whisper; then he would fall back into unconsciousness.

But, at the last, with a splendid exercise of his waning, almost spent, powers, he got his hands, already cold, above the bedclothes, and croaked: "I don't—want—four blathted electric lighth—to die by!"—and died.



That Creepy Coat of Jones!

By A. Taylor-Cutler.

BILL'S Coat was "a sight" when the Sheep's Hair in it began working. The damp weather played "Tag" with its shape in no time.

Because Bill's Coat had been knocked into shape at a hot Flat iron.

It had been sewn together, *in places*, of course. But, the sewing part had been done in a *Hurry*.

Because sewing is *expensive*, and Flat iron [illegible] is *cheap*, and conveniently rapid.

So Bill's Coat, like many others, had been railroaded through the *sewing* stage, and then [illegible] four rounds of hot pressing by the [illegible]

* * *

Likes Old Dr. Goose to throw "style" into a garment in a hurry.

He's a regular whirlwind in action and he knows how to *fake* the shortening of a flabby seam in a second—or the lengthening of a short one, instanter.

He knows how to stretch out a Coat Collar that's too tight, (at the back of your neck), or to shrink on a lapel that's bulging.

But, he does all this by mere *heat* and *moisture* that acts upon cloth just as the Curling Iron acts upon hair.

And, when a Damp day gets after the flat-ironed *style* of a Coat it does the same sort of thing to that "style" that the Damp day does to the Curling-Ironed tresses of the Matinée Girl.

That casually puts a "Crimp" into Bill Jones' appearance and popularity.

* * *

Because, his Coat then makes him look like an animated Jokelet, *creeping* into a peculiar "style" of its own.

—The left Lapel bulges out as it did before the flat-iron faked it.

—The Sleeves twist around a bit, and make him look as if his elbows were knock-kneed.

—The Collar binds at the back of his neck and puts all the weight of the Garment on his rear collar button.

And so many kinks and wrinkles thus creep into that Coat that they are shocking to William.

Now, is this thus?

Because of *flat-iron faking*.

* * *

It costs a little *more* to shape Coats and Overcoats with painstaking *hand-needle-work* than with the faky Flat-iron.

But, that *Sincere* shaping *never wilts out* through Dampness, nor Dryness, nor through the careless hanging up of a Garment.

More than this, the Sincere Stitching that puts the human Curves into a Garment serves to *hold them there* against the action of Moisture on the Cloth itself.

Not *many* Garments are finished in this "Sincerity" *hand-needle-work* fashion.

But it need not cost *you* a cent extra to have a Suit or Overcoat thus *fully-finished* and *finally-shaped* by the *Needle* instead of by the tricky Flat-iron.

Because, all *you've* got to do is to look sharp, when you buy your next Suit or Overcoat, for the label of the "Sincerity Tailors" on it. That label reads as follows:

SINCERITY CLOTHES

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.

CHICAGO

A SPECIALIST IN FAILURES

Doctor Carrington, Physician and Surgeon for Commercial and Social Ills

By GEORGE M. BAYNE

MY LITTLE patrimony was nearly gone. I had tried various means of making a living, and each had been unsuccessful; and now, at the age of thirty-five, I found myself a derelict upon the ocean of defeated hopes. Approaching pauperism hung over me like a nightmare, and was, in fact, about to descend when, with ironic humor, the question presented itself: "Why not, for a consideration, advise those who are in as desperate straits as yourself?" The thought first amused and then seriously engaged me, until at last I definitely determined to begin the practice of a new profession.

The resolution was no sooner formed than I took steps to put it into immediate execution. Relying upon a few hundred dollars still to my credit in the bank, I rented an office on one of the thoroughly respectable, but not quite fashionable, streets, and, in the same house, secured a small bedroom—third floor rear—and board. On the next day I moved in, and put up my sign:

DR. CARRINGTON
COMMERCIAL AND SOCIAL ILLS

I was scarcely surprised to find that such an unusual placard caused comment, and I had hardly taken possession of my new quarters before I was conscious of the fact that I was an object of curiosity, if not, indeed, of suspicion. In the course of a day or so, however, the man who sat next me in the dining-room—his name was Hart—became quite sociable, and one Monday evening after dinner I invited him into my office for a quiet smoke. He accepted without hesitation, and we had just seated ourselves when he said:

"Doctor, will you not be good enough to explain to me, if it is not an impertinent question, the nature of your practice?"

"Certainly, my good sir," I replied hastily, for the very tone of his voice satisfied me that he was a possible patient himself. "A physician of commercial and social ills is simply one who ministers to what may be called the failures and perplexities of life, whether commercial, professional or social. In other words, as the ordinary physician ministers to the body, on learning the facts; so one of my calling points out to his patient the errors of judgment, or of act, which have brought his misfortune upon him, or which tend to prolong it, and then prescribes a remedy."

"But," said my friend, "please explain. The regular physician, as we all know, has made a study of the ills of the body, and is, or ought to be, competent to prescribe for them; but—I beg your pardon!—how can you or any one know better how to advise me about the common difficulties of life (especially those that affect me) than I can advise myself? I have never heard that there are any schools or colleges for such a course of study."

"Perfectly true. There are none, for the profession is just now in its infancy. But believe me, there will be both, for my profession is as thoroughly based upon science as any other in the world—not an exact science, of course, but an applied one."

"You may be right," he said, "but for the life of me I do not see how your theory can be reduced to a successful practice."

"Well," I replied, "aside from its scientific basis, look at it purely from its practical side. The physician or lawyer, when in serious trouble, never prescribes or advises himself. They have lost neither their wit nor their skill, but a law of nature, as old as the hills, renders them unfit for doing for themselves what they can do so well for others. Advising friends are not paid, and the mere assurance of paying for what one gets, of itself, often brings relief. It gives one the right of secrecy, the right of assistance. But, after all, the way to test the flavor of the wine is by tasting it."

That ended our talk, but I felt that I would see more of Mr. Hart in my own office—and Thursday evening proved the truth of my assumption.

"Ah, Doctor," said Hart, as he entered, "our talk has borne fruit sooner than you thought, for I am here now to consult you professionally. I am in deep water."

"Take a seat, sir," I answered, "and be assured that if I cannot help you, at least you have found a friend."

He threw himself wearily in a chair. "I am thoroughly disheartened," he said. "Six months ago my employer failed. He was a large publisher with whom I had been for fifteen years. Since then I have been unable to get another position; and now nearly the last dollar of my frugal savings is gone. At best I can live but a month longer on what remains."

I tried to look cheerful. "Tell me," I said, "what you have done to remedy the trouble, and then perhaps I may be able to help you."

"I have walked these streets, Doctor, until heart-sore and foot-weary. I have been at it every day. I have tried every book-dealer and publisher in the city, I think. I have made my necessities known to my friends. I have offered to take any position at any price, but have failed. I cannot steal—and it seems now I must starve."

"Not at all, dear Mr. Hart. You shall do neither one nor the other. But is that all you have done?"

He looked at me in astonishment: "What more could I possibly do?"

"The very simplest and only reasonable thing for you to do—advertise. Your advertisement will bring you to the knowledge of hundreds, where your personal solicitations have reached one." Taking a memorandum-book, I wrote upon a leaf: "A gentleman with the highest references, and fifteen years' experience in the publishing business, out of employment by failure of employer, needs a position. Address Times Office, etc." Tearing the slip out, I handed it to him and said: "Insert that in the Times three successive days and let me know the result."

He leaped from his seat, took me by the hand and exclaimed: "Doctor, I have been a fool! I believe your prescription is a good one. Your fee, you say, is three dollars. I do not believe it is thrown away."

He went out and I heard nothing from him until the following Monday, when he came into my office as joyously as a boy, threw off his overcoat and fairly shouted:

"Doctor, I have had to advertise only once—and the result is a position with one of the nicest old gentlemen I have ever met, and one I never knew was in the trade. I am going to recommend you to any one in trouble."

On Tuesday morning my bell rang and a young man entered.

"Doctor Carrington," he said, "my friend Mr. Hart has advised me to see you. I am in a nasty position, and he thinks you may help me."

"I will be delighted," I answered. "What is the trouble?"

"For eighteen months I was a clerk in a broker's office, and had charge of what is called the petty cash drawer, which sometimes held as much as five hundred dollars. Last Thursday one hundred and fifty dollars was missing. The head of the firm accused me of taking the money, and summarily dismissed me. This was bad enough, but on looking for another place I find that no one will take me without a letter of recommendation from my latest employer, which, of course, is out of the question. Worse than that, the last man to whom I applied said to me frankly that my employer had told him that I had been dismissed for theft."

"Now," I said, "since you are consulting me professionally, I want you to be frank. Did you take that money?"

He half rose from his seat, while his eyes snapped dangerously; his hands clenched, and then with suppressed wrath he said: "It is hardly necessary to insult me!"

"I had no intention of insulting you. I am thoroughly satisfied that you did not—your face guarantees that—but I wanted your lips to confirm my judgment. Now, what did you do when your employer charged you with theft?"

"Took up my hat and left."

"Was that all?"

"Yes."

"There you made your first mistake."

"Mistake! What should I have done?"

"Demanded an apology on the spot, and failing to get it, you should have knocked him down. Since you did not take the money he could not possibly have proved it; and had you knocked him down he certainly would have respected you."

"By Jove, sir!" he replied, "I believe you are right. I have a mind to do it yet."

"No, it is too late now. Tell me what steps did you take when the broker to whom you applied yesterday told you that your employer had accused you of theft?"

"I simply denounced it as a wicked lie and left his office. Is there anything else I can do?"

"Yes. Write your employer promptly, demanding an immediate retraction. Tell him that, if he refuses, you will hold him liable in damages for slander."

"And if he still refuses?"

"Sue him the next day for ten thousand dollars. Never make a threat that you do not intend to make good. You are in a position now where you must take a stand to reëstablish yourself. Otherwise you had better get out of this town."

My patient regarded me in rapt attention; then, springing from his seat, he deposited my fee on the table, exclaiming:

"I'll sue that scoundrel at once if he doesn't apologize—and thrash him in addition if I get the chance!"

My third patient, also sent to me by Mr. Hart, was a handsome young fellow of about thirty years. His name was Bellinger and his bearing satisfied me at a glance that he was a man of leisure, with plenty of money—which, indeed, proved to be the gist of his trouble. He was in love with a very charming girl, had been engaged to her for more than a year, and had expected to marry her that very month. Six months before, owing to some slight disagreement which had grown with discussion, she had, however, broken the engagement. Since that time she had positively refused to be reconciled, and would no longer recognize him in any way, not even bowing to him when they chanced to meet.

"What," I asked, "was the cause of the slight disagreement between you?"

"Oh, some absurd thing! I think I said that she must not dance with a certain person. This excited her intensely, and she said that 'must' was hardly a proper term for me to use to her, whereas I maintained that, in the circumstances, it was the only proper term. I had used the expression half in jest, but her irritation nettled, me and I stood by my guns."

"Do you still love her?"

"Well," he replied, "if I cannot marry her I will never marry any one, nor, I think, will she, for I believe she loves me."

"May I ask your circumstances?"

"I am abundantly able to take care of her."

"And hers?"

"She could do the same for me, if there were necessity for it and she were inclined to undertake the task."

"Then it was to be a real love match?"

"Yes."

"Have you her photograph?"

He winced. "Yes," he said, "but I hardly think it is the proper thing to show it."

"On the contrary, it is the only fair and proper thing to do. I have no interest in either of you but to render you a service, and your consultation of me professionally has sealed my lips as to all I learn from you."

Without further comment he drew from his pocket a silver monogramed cardcase, and took therefrom, as gently and as reverently as if it were his mother's picture, an exquisite miniature, daintily framed in gold.

It fascinated me beyond the power of words to express. The features were so exquisitely fair and chaste and pure that I did not wonder that the man who had loved and won and lost such a woman should be desperate and sick at heart. I suppose I held the likeness in my hands for ten minutes.

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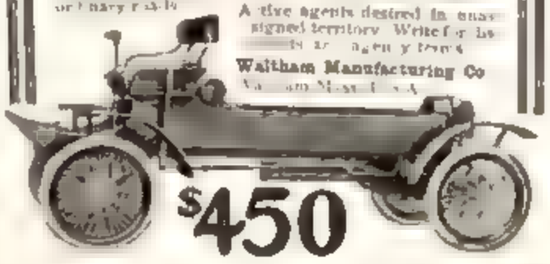

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"Tell me if I read truly her character and temperament," I began. "She is gentle, sympathetic, quick-tempered, imperious, resourceful and bubbling over with fun—nay, I should say with mischief—and she is quick to see the ridiculous."

"Yes," he said, while he gazed fondly at her picture, "except that you have omitted one very marked element in her character, and added one I have never noticed."

"What have I omitted?"

"Honesty."

"Yes, but that is so plainly written that I scarcely thought it worth while calling attention to it; but what have I added?"

"Appreciation of the ridiculous. I have never noticed that."

"It is there, none the less. Now, two other questions: Did she give you that photograph?"

"She did."

"Has she ever asked for its return?"

"No, but she has asked for the return of everything else that she gave me, and I have complied."

"Well, frankly, Mr. Bellinger, yours is a very novel, as well as difficult, case, and I am not quite prepared to advise you this evening. Will you let me think it over to-night, and will you then come in to-morrow morning or evening?"

"Yes," he replied, and a moment later he left me.

That night I gave his case as close thought and study as ever my brother of another school gave to the most stubborn of chronic complaints; and, when the morning came, I was convinced that I had made a proper diagnosis.

It was only a little after nine when my patient came in.

"Now, Mr. Bellinger," I said, "I am ready to prescribe. "You must become acquainted with the young woman anew."

"Acquainted with her anew! Why, man alive, haven't I known her for three years, and been engaged to her for one?"

"That is of the past. You are certainly not engaged now; you no longer know her. It is the only possible way to renew your associations, and at the same time to preserve your self-respect—the only way for her to vindicate her own conduct in her own eyes. Without such vindication a woman who stickles for a trifle would be but a sorry creature, for the thought that she had humiliated herself, even to regain the man of her love, would render her morbid."

"But, my dear sir, she positively refuses to see me."

"On the old terms, of course. She can do nothing else from her standpoint. But now our approach is to be from a very different quarter. Let me see. You must have friends in common. Are there no social gatherings to which you are both invited?"

"There have been many, of course, but since our rupture I have refrained from going wherever she was invited."

"Did she go?"

"I think so."

"Ah! Is there no such entertainment to be given in the near future?"

"Yes. Mrs. Chester gives a dance to-morrow night, to which I believe we are both invited."

"Does Mrs. Chester know of this affair of yours?"

"I think not. She knows us but slightly."

"Capital! Now, you are both going to this dance?"

"I understand that she is. I am not."

"You must. That is part of my prescription. Get there late. Be as easy in everything as you can. Greet your old friends cordially, and, if you chance to come across her, glance at her in an easy, nonchalant, admiring way, just as you would at any other pretty girl, but without the slightest show of recognition. Then toward the close of the evening ask Mrs. Chester to present you. She will do so, and in such a way that your friend, whom you wish to meet, will never for a moment imagine that you have sought it of your own accord: the woman of the world rarely says that the introduction has been sought, and your hostess, being a woman of the world, will follow conventionalities. When once you have been introduced, avoid all reference to the past. Treat her simply as a new acquaintance."

There was a slight beam of hope in his eyes as he asked: "Do you think she will permit an introduction?"

"She cannot possibly be rude to her hostess in her hostess' own house. Moreover, my friend, she is as anxious for a cessation of hostilities as you are. That little gold-rimmed miniature assures me of that. Women are no fools. They do not leave trinkets of that intrinsic and material value in the hands of one whom they dislike. And, when the ice is once broken, you are the veriest children in tact and common-sense if the water does not flow freely."

He regarded me intently for a moment, placed a fifty-dollar bill on the table, and said:

"Doctor, I have taken up an unusual amount of your time, and an ordinary consultation-fee will not repay you. Please accept that."

Three weeks passed and not a patient entered my office. Then, however, came encouragement.

On the morning of the twenty-eighth day of my practice I found in my morning's mail two interesting notes. One from the broker's clerk, announcing that he had sued his employer, and that, within ten days after bringing the suit, the man had apologized, saying, at the same time, that the money had been found in a crevice behind the drawer, and asking the clerk to return to his former position at an increased salary. The other note was from Mr. Bellinger, and read as follows:

My dear Doctor:

Your prescription was a good one. None better was ever given. Kindly do me the favor to accept the inclosed as a small measure of my appreciation.

Yours to command,
T. H. BELLINGER.

The "inclosed" was a crisp one-hundred-dollar banknote. With a peculiar sensation about the cockles of my heart, I was just placing the banknote in my pocket when a handsome brougham stopped in front of my door. A footman sprang lightly from the box, rang my private bell, asked if the doctor was in and returned to the brougham. Thereupon an elderly lady alighted and entered my office: the fourth and last patient to whom I shall refer in this narrative.

She was a dapper little soul, with a pleasing, yet whimsical expression on her face, and had hardly taken the seat extended to her when she commenced:

"Now Doctor Carrington, I am simply worried out of my life—fretted, annoyed, twisted, frazzled—yes, there is no other such expressive word—frazzled, actually frazzled. I don't know what you mean by 'Commercial Ills,' but as to 'Social Ills,' I know enough: I have one—one of the very worst to be had. A nasty, pestering, good-for-nothing, exasperating son-in-law. There is nothing—positively nothing—more trying than that, except, possibly, a disagreeable daughter-in-law. I must have a remedy; otherwise I shall close my house and go abroad."

"Yes," I replied with a smile. "Tell me what I can do for you."

"Why, bless my heart, that's just what I want you to tell me," she gasped.

"Of course, but tell me, if you please, what is the particular trouble with this particular son-in-law?"

"Why, he is just one lump of selfishness. But what especially provokes me is that he will insist on sitting in my library every evening and smoking his horrid French cigarettes, while he reads his papers—he is a Frenchman himself, by the way—until the nauseous odor almost stifles me. He is absolutely devoid of manners. My dachshund exhibits more amenities of social intercourse than he."

"Then why not tell him to desist?"

"Because of his little fool of a wife, my daughter! If it were not for her I'd turn him out of the house, bag and baggage, and then I don't know where he would get a living, for I support them both. But if I should do that, my daughter would go with him; and, if I order him to stop, she's such a little fool that she would go into hysterics, because I was harsh with her dear Vautrin."

"Ah! I see. It's a case, then, where he will have to be induced of his own accord to refrain from smoking, or to spend the evenings in his own apartments, in order that your daughter's feelings may not be hurt?"

"That's it exactly—the little beast!"

"Well, I think we can do it. I think you said he was French?"

"Yes, and a wretched little specimen of his race at that!"

"Do you speak German, Madam?"

"No."

"Then you must learn."

"What's that? Learn German? I?"

"Yes, and by the most recent method."

The old lady threw herself back in her chair disgustedly, but kept silent, while I continued:

"Yes, the remedy is simple enough. You must take German lessons and take them every evening in your own library; and in order to get the correct pronunciation you must use a phonograph with German records. This phonograph will give you in loud tones the pronunciation of the German alphabet and words, and occasionally will sing a patriotic German song, and it will do this in such vociferous tones—in fact so much with the noise of a brass band—that I am confident Monsieur Vautrin will not be able to read his papers in peace, nor to smoke his cigarettes with any degree of complacency. The audible study of German, and that through a patriotic phonograph, will be too much for him. If you will permit me, I myself will purchase the instrument for you, and will call on you during the day to explain its workings."

To this the old lady—who had a sense of humor—assented, and finally took her departure, having, of course, paid my fee.

When my morning hours were over I started out to purchase the phonograph, and when I had fitted it with the necessary records I bundled the whole together, and forthwith dispatched them to my patient, and followed, shortly afterward, myself.

The old lady received me cordially, and in high glee with the prospects of the success of our plan. I explained to her carefully just what course to pursue; what she was to say, and how to manipulate the instrument, and how and when to introduce the songs. When she first heard the hoarse wheezings of the phonograph, followed by its shrill call of the German alphabet, its *Die Wacht am Rhein* and *Alsace und Lorraine*, she fairly shook with laughter, and tears bubbled from her eyes and flowed down her cheeks as she exclaimed:

"*Mon cher* Vautrin, what bliss I have prepared for you this evening! To think that this dear thing was invented for your especial benefit!"

In this frame of mind I left her, with the understanding, however, that I should hear from her later—and I did, for a few days afterward I received the following note:

Dear Doctor Carrington:

You must come to see me; and come in the evening. My library is a veritable boudoir. Its odor is *eau de Cologne*. Very sincerely,

ALICIA FARRINGTON.

I went that very night, and found the charming old lady in her library all alone, smoothing and patting the phonograph with her hands as if it were a thing of life. No trace of the odor of a cigarette was to be discovered.

"Doctor," she said, "I must tell you about *mon cher* Vautrin. The opening night of the school he came in as usual, sought his easy-chair, laid his papers on his lap, and forthwith lighted the inevitable cigarette. As the fumes circled above his head I said to my daughter: 'I have commenced the study of German. I may go abroad in the spring, and it will be of use. See how easily it is taught and learned by the new method.' And then I brought forth the dear thing. '*Eins, zwei, dres*' it said, and *cher* Vautrin moved uneasily in his chair while it counted. He put down his paper and smoothed his head as if he had a headache. But, oh, when it sang, in alternate English and German, *Die Wacht am Rhein* and *Alsace und Lorraine, mon cher* Vautrin, trembling and shuddering, leaped from his seat and fled, exclaiming: '*Un mille tonnerre! un mille tonnerre!*' And my precious little fool of a daughter hastened after him. Now I have my beautiful library to myself."

Then, looking me squarely in the face with her sharp, quizzical eyes, she continued:

"Doctor, you are a great success. When my friends are in trouble they will call upon you. Now let me have your bill."

Having settled that, with a warm shake of the hand she bade me adieu.

On returning to my office I reckoned up my receipts and found that they exceeded my disbursements by just seventeen dollars. The outlook was decidedly good. I had established somewhat of a reputation and had a number of patients, with the prospects of more in the future; and with these pleasant reflections I seriously considered the raising of my consultation-fee to five dollars.

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A Revolution in Razor Making

Complete Outfit **$3**

Superior to any $5 Razor and You Save $2 The Perfect, Faultless Shaver

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

Twelve Blades of Finest Sheffield Steel, Giving More than 300 Shaves Without Honing.

New Blades 50 Cents per Dozen.

The Coiled Spring Guard Frame is a new and most important feature of the "Multiblade." **No other Razor has it. No other can have it.** With it anyone can shave RIGHT—with a smooth, gliding, diagonal stroke. Anyone can use it. Nothing to learn.

[illegible] for the perfect guard frame are our [illegible] razor blades, each hardened, tempered, ground, honed and finished separately by our own peculiar special processes. One dozen blades carefully and critically tested, insuring uniformity in every respect. They suit any and all faces, whether the beard is soft or wiry, [illegible] fine or tough. In any case **you get a clean, smooth velvety shave every time.**

The "Multiblade" is a model of simplicity and neatness, all metal, heavily nickel silver plated and can be cleaned as easily as a teaspoon.

A Gentleman's Habit

It is now generally recognized that shaving one's self is the habit of a gentleman. In addition, consider the economy, comfort and satisfaction of shaving when and where you please. No [illegible] time or temper, no [illegible] pay no risk of skin disease. All these advantages are yours with the **right** razor. The Woods "Multiblade" Safety. Why not get one NOW and begin to enjoy the luxury of a perfect shave?

Send us $3 (check, postal or express order or cash by registered mail) and we will forward to you razor [illegible] guard frame with [illegible] twelve blades, in a handsome polished [illegible]

Your risk. Result with attached guarantee.

PERFECTION RAZOR COMPANY,
752 Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—Inclosed herewith find $3, for which please send [illegible] MULTIBLADE SAFETY RAZOR with the understanding on your part that if it is not satisfactory [illegible] may return it to you and you will refund to me the [illegible] paid for it.

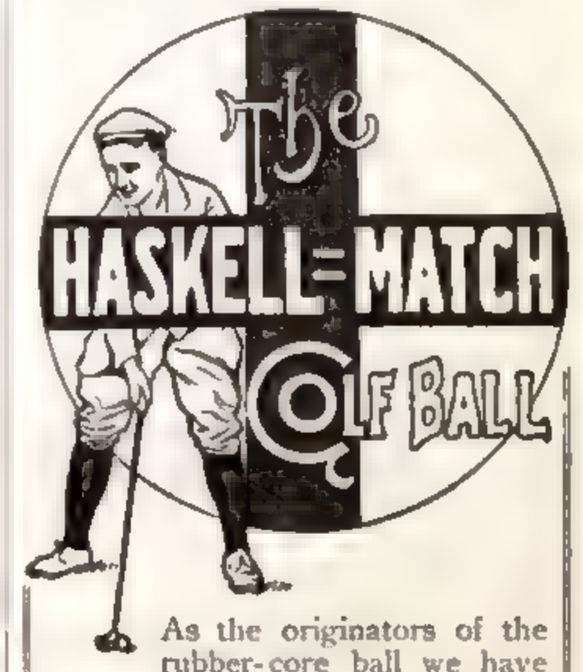
Name

Street and Number

City

County

State



As the originators of the rubber-core ball we have learned by vast experience exactly what the ideal golf ball should be. It has found expression in the HASKELL-MATCH—the best ball ever made. It is simply perfect in every respect.

Price $6.00 per dozen. Obtainable everywhere.

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., Akron, Ohio

1907

All motordom is agog over the advent of Model H, the brand new four-cylinder Cadillac for 1907, now ready for instant delivery.

In every particular this car is not only up to the minute, but is ready *two years* ahead of any other machine on the market. Its many improvements, its mechanical completeness, its superior finish and design, make it imperative for you not to take another step in the purchase of a car until you have learned all about this wonderful

CADILLAC

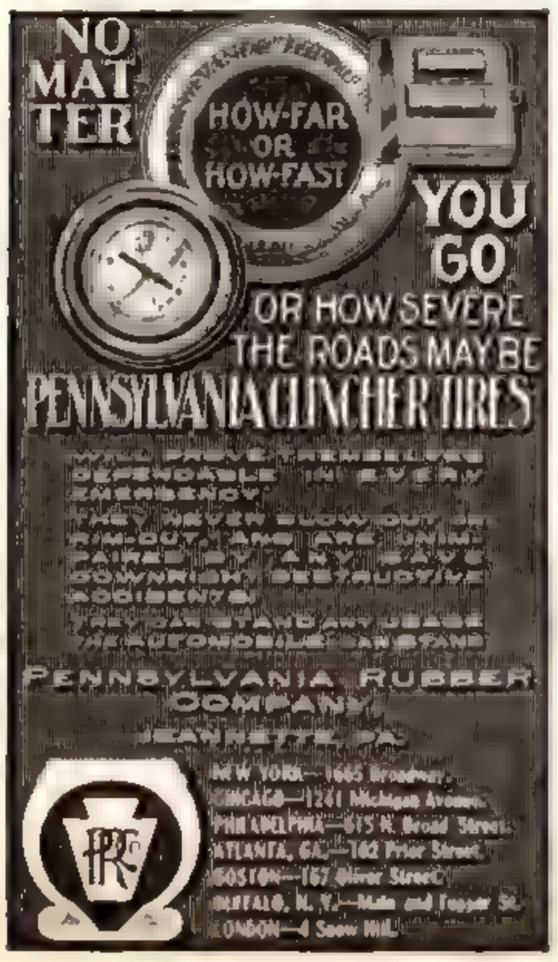
—an automobile whose smooth and well-balanced action is almost marvelous when compared with that in what has heretofore been accepted as the highest type of motor car. The new and exclusive double acting steering gear greatly increases safety of riding; surprising ease of control is gained through the perfect planetary transmission, a new marine type governor regulates the speed of the engine under all conditions, minimizing vibration and fuel consumption; the independent steel suspension for engine saves wear and strain.

These and a dozen other reasons why you ought to choose the Cadillac will be explained by your nearest dealer. His address, also finely illustrated booklet O, will be sent on request.

Model H will accommodate five persons; 30 horse power; capable of 50 miles an hour. Price, $2,500

Other Cadillac models are: MODEL K, RUNABOUT, $750; MODEL M, LIGHT TOURING CAR, $950. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, and do not include lamps.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
Detroit, Michigan.



Oddities and Novelties
OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

HERE'S IMITATION MILK—THEY MAKE IT IN GERMANY AND USE IT IN THE BAKERIES.

SOMETHING new in the way of milk has recently been introduced in Germany. It is an artificial product, not even of animal origin, being composed of a mixture of glucose syrup and oil of sesame, to which albumen is added to give the requisite emulsifying effect.

Cow's milk, of course, is an emulsion—the term meaning simply that the particles of fat are held in suspension, distributed through the fluid. As for sesame, it is a grain, better known in Europe than in this country. We are acquainted with it, indeed, chiefly as the magic word with which Ali Baba, in the Arabian Nights, compelled the door of the robbers' caves to open. It is rich in oil, which, extracted by pressure, takes the place of butter-fat in the artificial milk described.

This imitation milk is sold in a concentrated form—a thick liquid of light yellow color, which is described as sweetish and of an agreeably nutlike flavor. It is used by bakers, being reduced to the proper consistency by mixing it with nine times its bulk of water. Though analysis shows that it has much less food value than cow's milk—its percentage of sugar and albuminoids being low, and the important mineral salts entirely absent—it seems to serve just as well for flavoring. Its employment cannot be detected even by an expert chemist, and it possesses the great advantage of cheapness.

DENTISTRY FOR DOLLS—THE DOCTOR OPENS THEIR SKULLS AND WORKS FROM WITHIN.

DOLLS have their dentists nowadays. If their teeth happen to be knocked out, as often happens in the rough play of the nursery, the missing chewing apparatus may easily be replaced. In most toy-shops at the present time there is a hospital department for dolls, where such injuries are repaired at reasonable prices.

Dolls used always to be made with their lips closed, but in this respect the fashion has changed, and it will be noticed that all of them now have their mouths slightly open, the lips parted in a sweet smile. This shows the teeth, which, one ascertains on inquiry, are made in Germany. The doll dentist has a pasteboard box full of them—some of them single ones—for cases where one tooth has been lost—and others in sets, fastened together.

When a new tooth is to be inserted, the top of the doll's head is removed, together with the wig, disclosing the brain cavity. It is then seen, by looking inside, that the teeth are set in plaster of Paris behind the lips, with a piece of cork to keep them in place. The plaster and cork being removed, the new tooth—which, by the way, is of celluloid—is inserted, and the affair is readjusted as before. When Dolly's skull-cap has been put on again she is as sound as ever.

COUNTERFEITING LIFE—A LITTLE MANIKIN, A GOOD DEAL OF ELECTRICITY, A LOT OF MONEY, AND THERE YOU ARE.

"AUTOMATIC FIGURES," as they are called in the trade, are more elaborate and ingenious at the present time than ever before. They are used to a large extent nowadays for advertising purposes, for nothing else in a show-window offers so irresistible an attraction; and that they are not to be confused with toys is shown by the fact that the latter, when imported, pay only thirty-five per cent. duty, whereas automata are assessed at forty-five per cent.

All of the first-class automata come from Paris, and, as a rule, they are operated by electricity. Concealed beneath the base of the affair is a motor, which is readily energized by attaching a wire; and connected with the motor are a number of simple devices known as "movements." Each movement, through the medium of an ordinary wire, does something. For example, a gentleman of color, attired in striking togs, winks his eyes (movement number one), bows (movement number two), raises his arm (movement number three), turns his head (movement number four), and lifts his hat (movement number five).

Naturally, automata are expensive in proportion to their elaborateness. They cost so much per movement. Thus, a group of figures with a dozen movements may sell for $500. But it is wonderful what elaborate performances only seven or eight movements will accomplish. The object, of course, is to counterfeit life as nearly as possible; and in many instances this is done so cleverly as to excite the admiration, as well as the mirth, of the observer. In most cases, it is said, the people represented are real people; for example, a clown automaton, which is a portrait, so to speak, of a famous European clown, and copies some of his "stunts."

It is in this way—that is to say, from real life—that the contrivers of automata, who must continually be thinking of something new, usually get their ideas. Many of the groups of figures represent scenes at the circus; and one of the most amusing examples is a trio of musicians, two of whom fall asleep one after the other, in the midst of their playing, only to be awakened by a sharp rap on the head from the baton of the leader, who stands between them.

Another group shows a youth in the act of kissing a sleeping girl, who wakes up and slaps his face. He rubs his cheek in a sheepish manner, and does not make another attempt until she falls into slumber again, when, of course, it is attended by the same result.

But such automata are infinitely varied, from the performing bear to the minstrel playing the banjo, with a huge butterfly balancing on his toe. One may buy them at any price up to $2500; but, because of their expensiveness, storekeepers commonly prefer to hire them for brief seasons, particularly at the Christmas holidays.

FALL FASHIONS IN DISEASES—SOME OF THE LATEST FADS IN THE ILLNESS OF CIVILIZATION.

AS OUR civilization becomes more complex new kinds of afflictions arise—troubles hitherto unheard of, which one would prefer to get along without. In New York City has arrived the "subway disease"—so called by Dr. Carleton Simon, an eminent physician who has made a special study of it. It attacks the motormen who run the underground trains. Staring for many hours every day through a tunnel ahead, their range of vision becomes narrowed, so that, even when above ground, in the broad light of day, they are unable to see any object unless it is directly in front of them.

Another disagreeable complaint is the "disease of high places"—so called because it attacks workmen engaged in the construction of tall buildings, rendering them unable to keep their balance. Apparently it is an affection of the nerve filaments that float in the fluids of the inner ear—these fluids and the filaments in question having importantly to do with what may be termed the "sense of equilibrium." In this case, however, the malady finds its own cure, inasmuch as those who suffer from it are of necessity obliged to abandon the kind of occupation that engenders the trouble.

Not less interesting, and sufficiently disagreeable to be quite serious, is the "old maids' disease"—otherwise known as "parrotitis." It affects the mucous membrane that lines the throat and nasal passages, giving rise to painful and persistent catarrhal symptoms. For a long time it was a mystery, but eventually it was noticed that persons thus afflicted were nearly always owners of pet parrots. When a parrot shakes itself (as it frequently does), it discharges into the air numbers of almost microscopic feathers, which, if by chance any of them are inhaled by a human being, are liable to cling to the membrane aforesaid, causing intense irritation. Statistics show that three parrots out of four are kept by old maids—whence the name bestowed upon the malady.

The Hamilton Piano is to the spiritual part of a home what the fire-place is to the material. Nothing draws people together after supper in cold weather like a fire-place. Nothing unites them as does a Hamilton Piano when they are grave, gay, dreamy, worshipful.

Known throughout the world, it contributes to the happiness of over 40,000 homes where people are cheered by its rich melody. It received the Medaille d'Argent at Paris in 1900, and The First Order of Merit at Melbourne in 1903. Its many years of growing popularity are the best guarantees of its excellence. The tone of the

HAMILTON PIANO
a world wide favorite

is pure, full and lasting. It charms at once, and is the source of more and more enjoyment and satisfaction from year to year.

Write today, and let us send you Catalog No. 6 and [illegible] the Hamilton, to buy, and we arrange terms of payment to suit you. [illegible] stamped piano [illegible] is out of tune or worn out. Just drop us a card. We want you to see it for yourself, and feel sure that the Hamilton, whose beautiful case adds to the looks of the room, and on which you and your children play with real joy because it is [illegible], is the piano you want. We will be surprised to know how easily this can be done. How reasonably AND WITH WHAT PERMANENT SATISFACTION.

If you will send us on a postal the name of some one you think we can interest [illegible] in the purchase of a Hamilton Piano, we will mail you free a copy of [illegible]

D. H. Baldwin & Co.
142 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

When You Say GARTERS

[illegible] See that the package is as [illegible] the one we illustrate. See that the [illegible] guarantee. Then you're assured of the best garters made.

New [illegible] guaranteed satisfaction [illegible]

Flexo

Lasting [illegible] cents. Send [illegible] if you've any [illegible] getting them. Silk [illegible] 50 cents.

A. STEIN & CO., 312 Franklin Street, Chicago

Don't Have a Bow-Legged Child

Put Krieger Custom Weak Ankle Shoes [illegible], when next [illegible] weak [illegible] present [illegible] weaks. These shoes [illegible] supporting weak [illegible] also [illegible] [illegible] set at the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

KRIEGER
Custom Weak Ankle Shoes (Patented)

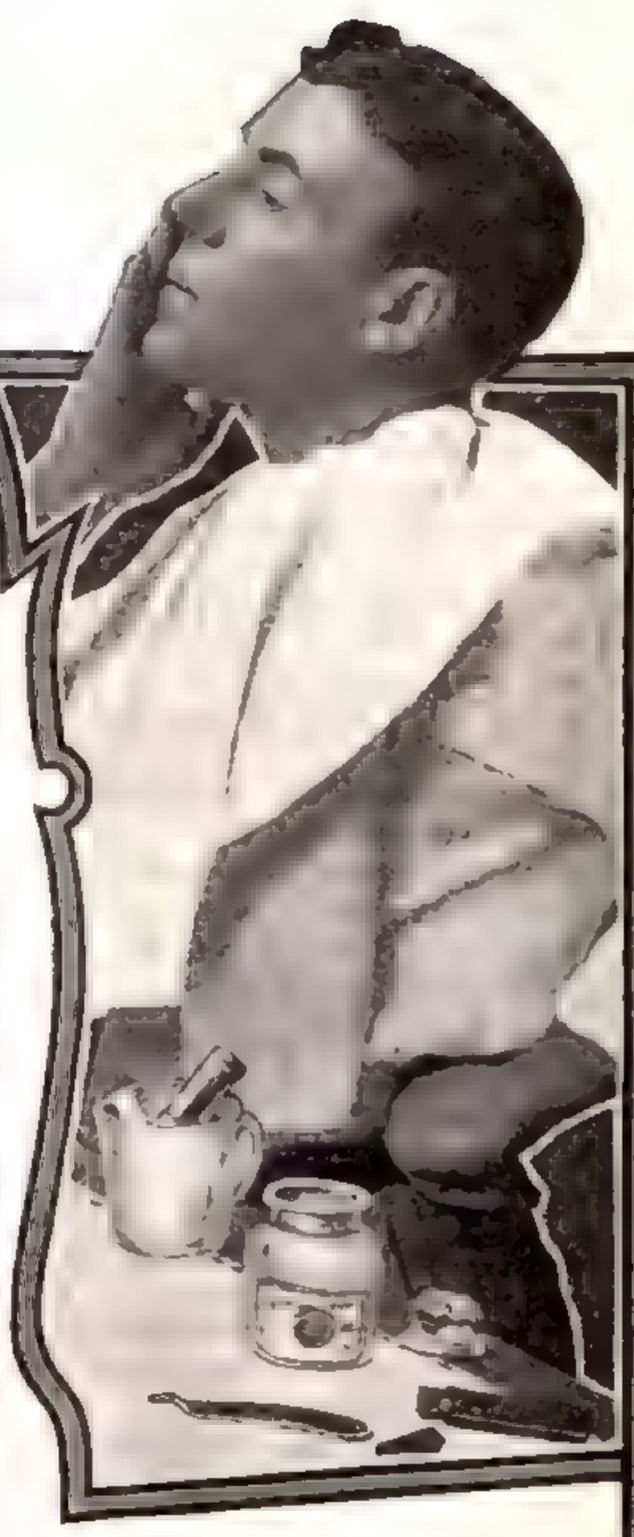
Sizes 2 to 6 no heel $1.25. 2 to 8 spring heel $1.50

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

The Jar for Home Use

While adding to her beauty *she* also enjoys

After a day of toil or sport *he* appreciates



The Delight of True Cleanliness

A massage with Pompeian Massage Cream sets the face free—a sensation of relief follows its use like one experiences in removing heavy, tight clothing. The pores begin to breathe freely, the blood flows full, the muscles flex, and the skin softens and glows with natural color. ¶ Pompeian Massage Cream is an aid to nature—not a substitute for it. Pore-clogging soap and skin stifling, hardening cosmetics are but poor substitutes indeed for the true cleanliness and skin health produced by

Pompeian Massage Cream

Women

Pompeian Massage Cream is bringing home to American women the scientific fact that real beauty is gained and maintained, never by the application of cosmetics, which work in opposition to nature, but always by aiding nature in her normal functions. Skins are made sallow, cheeks pale, and faces wrinkled by clogged pores, improperly nourished tissues and set muscles. Cosmetics only cover up deficiencies, and if regularly used make permanent the conditions that caused the trouble in the first place. Women who use artificial beautifiers never have any but artificial beauty.

Now a beautiful skin is really a natural skin, and if nature is merely aided instead of impeded she will give you a natural skin just as a matter of course. Massage with Pompeian Massage Cream is simply a cleanser and exerciser of the skin, tissues, facial muscles and blood circulation. That's enough. Get Pompeian Massage Cream and work with nature, and you will be surprised at the way in which nature responds with a clear, soft, unwrinkled skin, rosy cheeks, fulled curves, firm flesh and mobile muscles.

Pompeian Massage Cream contains no grease and nothing that can cause growth of hair or injure the most delicate skin.

Men

Most men have gotten over the erroneous idea that facial massage is effeminate. Practically every physician and hospital to-day employs massage movements to aid nature in the performance of her normal functions. Massage is simply a scientific substitute for exercise, with the advantage that it can be made more thorough and localized where required.

Facial Massage with Pompeian Massage Cream combines the most effective skin cleansing with a general making healthy of facial tissues, muscles, and blood system. After shaving it allays irritation, cleanses the pores of soap, and by strengthening the skin prevents razor rash.

It takes out wrinkles and the tense drawn expression produced by mental concentration in business and sport, variously called "the business face," the "automobile face," etc., etc. It flexes the muscles, makes them firm and the skin soft and sound. It gives the clear, ruddy, athletic appearance desired by every healthy man.

After a day of hard, dusty work or play nothing is so refreshing, nothing gives that sense of having "a new face" as a massage with Pompeian Massage Cream. Some barbers give both hand and machine massage; but you can always have Pompeian Massage Cream used if you ask for it, with either kind of massage.

Test It With Our Free Sample

Simply write us you want to try it, and we will send you a generous-sized sample, together with our illustrated book on Facial Massage, which is an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin.

Pompeian Massage Cream is sold for home use in jars of the style shown at top of the page [illegible] and $1.00. Barbers buy it in the style [illegible] shown in lower right-hand corner. All sizes and styles of bottles bear same label and trade mark. Under any circumstances do not accept a substitute offered. Some of them have the appearance of the genuine Pompeian, but are positively harmful. We prefer you to buy of your dealer when ever possible, but do not accept a substitute. If he does not have Pompeian, we will send a 50c. or $1.00 jar of the cream, postpaid on receipt of price.

Pompeian Mfg. Company, 49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Pompeian Massage Soap is pure,—and more. It contains the same medicinal properties as Pompeian Massage Cream.

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Pompeian Massage Soap is sold by all dealers—everywhere that Pompeian Massage Cream is sold. Box of 3 cakes 50c.

This is the Jar the Barber buys.

Style 335
Boston's most fashionable piano

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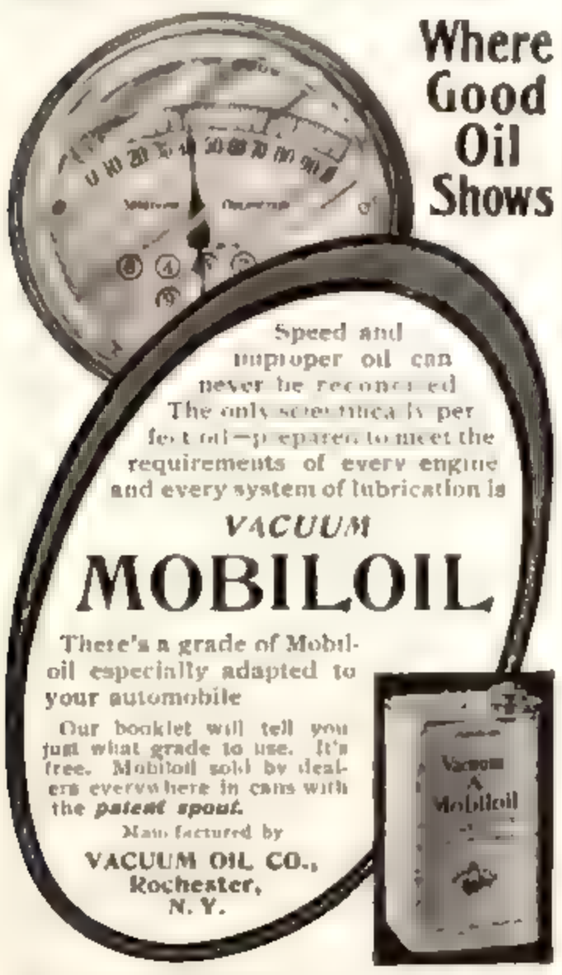
If you want a piano, write us. We are one of the world's largest makers of high-quality pianos, and where no dealer sells Ivers & Pond Pianos can supply you easily, economically, and on the most advantageous time payment plans, practically renting you a piano till paid for. Catalogue and full information free. Write us. Old instruments taken in exchange.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
103 Boylston Street, Boston.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Speed and improper oil can never be reconciled
The only scientifically perfect oil—prepared to meet the requirements of every engine and every system of lubrication is
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There's a grade of Mobiloil especially adapted to your automobile
Our booklet will tell you just what grade to use. It's free. Mobiloil sold by dealers everywhere in cans with the patent spout.
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Learn to say "Pears'" when you ask for soap. There are other soaps, of course, but Pears' is best for you and matchless for the complexion.

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The Quest of the Colonial

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

The Makeshift Fireplace

THE OUTFITTING OF A GUEST-ROOM

WHEN the woman of Shunem entertained Elisha, she offered the precise essentials of the hospitality of to-day: she welcomed him to dine, and then had him conducted to his room, having "set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick."

Thus the first recorded summary of what must needs be in a guest-room was the same three thousand years ago as it is now: to give a bed and a light, and conveniences for sitting down and for the toilet.

The bed, naturally enough, is the principal feature of any guest-room. And the lover of the old wishes to have one with four high posts and a canopy top.

It is not so easy to find old four-posters as to find some other classes of furniture. When worn out, a bedstead was generally thrown away. There was no other purpose to which it could be put, and it was not often kept just for an indefinite desire of keeping, as were many an old table and cupboard and chest-on-chest.

As with so many things that look well, the inception of the four-poster did not come from any thought of looks, but of utilitarian comfort. It was highly advisable—it was practically necessary—in the raw winter climate of England or the United States, before the days of well-heated houses, to afford more protection to a bed than came from quilts and blankets.

The bed in the guest-room of the once-while inn is not only of the olden time, in both age and appearance, but it possesses also the hygienic merits of the most advanced beds of to-day, having set within it an iron bed.

Its four slender Heppelwhite posts are surmounted by a canopy which rises in the middle in a bow-shaped curve, so that, although the posts are but six feet high, and the canopy is therefore at that height at both the head and the foot, it sweeps up in the middle in this bow-shaped curve, giving an airy and spacious effect.

Although there is a scarcity of old-fashioned beds, they are still to be found, of various degrees of elaborateness or the reverse. Fortune, in the shape of a neighbor, brought us our second one the other day, with enormous posts, the neighbor offering it as a friendly gift. "But you mustn't think this is much," he said, in modest disparagement; "for, to tell the truth, I paid only eighty cents for it, at an auction, and the posts are too high for my rooms, but I know your ceilings are high enough."

And here is a suggestion for a different kind of treatment from the four-poster already described. We shall set it up in the English style, like that bed which Mr. Pickwick prepared to sleep in by mistake on a certain eventful night: a bed will be set inside the posts, in such a way as to leave, inside the hanging curtains, "a little path, terminating in a rush-bottomed chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into or out of bed."

Next to the bed, following the order for old Elisha, comes the dressing-table. In this room it is four feet six inches long, and only two feet three inches high—a comfortable, agreeable height for its purpose. Beneath the table, and out of sight behind the muslin covering, there is necessarily quite a space; and it is always an excellent thing to put in such a place, for hats and miscellaneous finery, two or three of those old-time, gorgeously papered band-boxes of the poke-bonnet era. An old-fashioned mahogany-framed mirror, large enough for use by one either sitting or standing in front of it, leans, from the table, against the wall.

For the stool that Elisha was given, a chair would certainly answer; but, fortunately, this room can match the literal stool, with a low cricket from an old New York house. Of the chairs, the one most prized is the Shaker rocker which in the early days of our collecting meant so much to us.

It is not necessary to limit a room to the single Shunammite candlestick. And so, as a collector naturally picks up old candlesticks in a great variety of places, there are sufficient to put a pair upon the mantel and another pair on the dressing-table.

With the four-poster, and rose-colored chintz, it was particularly needful that a corresponding air of the old time be maintained throughout, and so, for the walls, there was selected a white paper, relieved by chintz-like stripes, with a design in small pink roses and attendant greenery.

It is a cheerful, sunny room, and there is an old black-fronted Franklin, brass-banded and brass-knobbed, built within a white mantelpiece of wood.

Within the fireplace stand brass andirons, with iron feet, from an old house in Tallahassee, and above, on the wall, is a picture of Mayflower days. There are also in the room a few old-fashioned prints and six small colored prints of famous old houses.

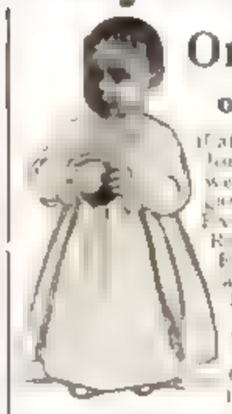
It has been a delight to outfit, also, the other rooms besides the guest-room upon this floor: rooms, little or big, with pleasing outlook upon village street or stone-walled meadows or wooded hills.

Upon the walls of one of these rooms (it claims to be the room in which Aaron Burr slept) we found a wall-paper of old-fashioned block pattern, with white strongly predominating, but with a sprig of green flower, shaded in black, upon each block.

Tradition, local memory, village authority undisputed, declare the paper to have been put on in 1842, and it is certainly like patterns of that period. It seemed a pity to cover it—and yet there were a number of blemishes and tears that could not be overlooked, and, of course, it was quite

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh in a series of papers by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton, written out of their own experiences and successes in the quest of old furniture.

Baby's Short Dress



Only 45 cts.
or "Money Back"

If after you have examined it you don't think it is worth [illegible] we ask for it [illegible] is beautifully made of Extra Fine Lawn, and has a [illegible] Yoke of Tucking and Fine Cluny Insertion. Neck and Sleeves are finished with Embroidery Edge.

We offer you this Baby's Short Dress at 45c to *prove* we can save you [illegible] on Infants' Wear. It is only one of hundreds of articles in our

Complete FREE Catalogue of Infants' Wear.

We want every mother in the land to have our [illegible] The high grade and the low priced [illegible] *If we missed a Special Value* [illegible] Every thing we sell is sold on "Money Back" Guarantee. If anything purchased from us at Central is not as represented and [illegible] we will take it back and we will return [illegible]

Whether you order the dress or not send for the free Catalogue anyway. It will save you money. Address at once

CENTRAL UNION MERCANTILE CO.
Dept. F. 90-98 Market St., Chicago, Ill.
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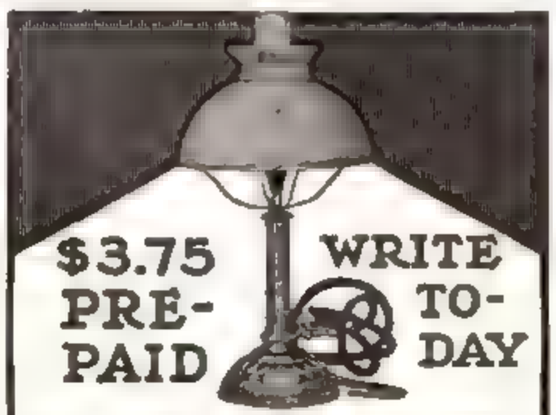

This handsome portable lamp made of heavy brass, Antique finish and fitted complete for either gas or electric light delivered free anywhere East of the Mississippi River, on receipt of $3.75. It is 21 inches high, thoroughly high grade in every particular.

A special bargain, just to show you that it
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You get newer, more artistic goods and save two or three profits.
Write for the Lamp and Chandelier Booklet.
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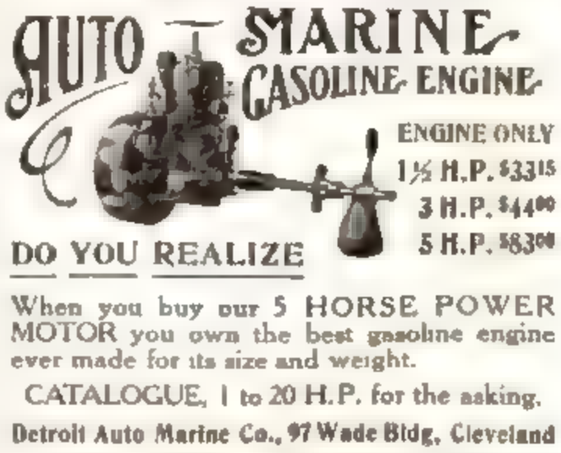

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GIVE YOUR CUSTOMER A THERMOMETER

It [illegible] the [illegible] is appreciated as a gift, too. Every [illegible] calendars [illegible] they can't [illegible] better [illegible] Thermometer [illegible] Advertising Calendar that is [illegible] for [illegible] Thermometers [illegible] Rust [illegible] Tubes are Accurate, Useful, Durable and [illegible]

Capacity [illegible]
[illegible] $2.000 up

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I Teach Sign Painting

Show Card Writing or Lettering by [illegible] My [illegible] and [illegible] Mail [illegible]

Chas J Strong Pres
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Dept 8, Detroit Mich

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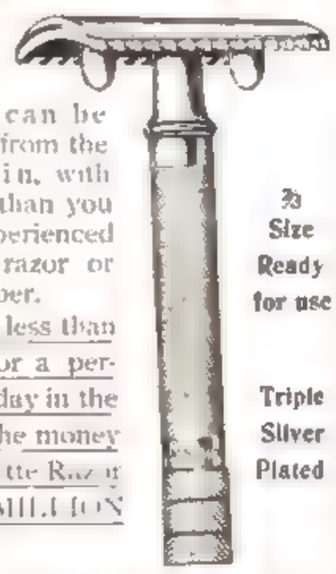

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impossible to find any paper like it to use in repairs. But here is a stratagem which may be suggestive to others who may come upon a similar problem. Very carefully, the paper was stripped from the broad chimney-breast above the fireplace, and the fragments, cut into pieces of a shape to match the lines of the pattern, were pasted over the little holes and blemishes. There was enough to make the paper everywhere perfect in appearance [illegible] everywhere but on the denuded chimney-breast. For covering that, a green cartridge paper, of a green to match the sprigs in the squares, was found. Upon this was placed, in relief, a white garland of Colonial style. The woodwork of the room was painted white. Andirons of black iron were placed in the fireplace. Brass candlesticks were set upon the dark marble mantel. Between them is a small porcelain bust of a sober-faced Donatello boy. And, thus retaining the old wall-paper, there seems somehow to have been retained also the subtle charm of old atmosphere and simplicity.

So naturally does the collector turn toward these expedients and substitutes that it would almost seem there must be some occult connection between things of the past and makeshifts. Thackeray, in his delightfully affectionate description of a room full of "old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all crack'd), old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed," tells of utilizing a Mameluke's dagger for the toasting of muffins. It may be that some makeshifts which have come in our way may prove suggestive to other collectors, meeting unexpected problems. But they should have a chapter of their own.

Makeshifts are of two kinds: those which are intended to be permanent, and those which are only for temporary use in the absence of something still sought for. Of the first kind are such things as the attachments of the old candelabra from the Quaker meeting-house. We shall never find the original lost pieces, nor is it likely that we shall find pieces just like them, but, as the present makeshift metal sconces are satisfactory in appearance, we do not need to trouble about them.

Of this class of permanent makeshifts, too, are arrangements for another set of candles. Needing a light upon either side of an old dressing-glass, the proper candelabra were searched for in vain. So two hat-hooks, of brass, of the largest size—the big kind made to bolt through hat-racks—were purchased. They have quite a satisfactory curve and stand up with a good deal of dignity. They are bolted through short pieces of wood which project a little above the back edge of the dressing-table. On the top of each hook is soldered the metal end of an electric light bulb of just the right diameter for a candle. And, to provide against drip, there is slipped over each candle-holder a glass disk of the kind long made and used for this purpose.

Makeshifts are not necessarily small. On the contrary, they may be of considerable consequence. The dining-room of a house in the city in which we lived just previous to adopting this old inn had two windows, both in one wall, opening on a brick-paved path and a view of an eight-foot board fence. The doors from this room, kitchenward and into the hall, were in a direct line. This left the room in dull shadow and with nothing to relieve the boxlike quality of its shape.

The corner cupboard would fill one corner—but a fireplace was needed in the other! We did not own the house. To build a fireplace and chimney would involve great expense. It was a matter for cogitation. And the result was a determination to have a fireplace, of sorts, constructed.

Left by the outgoing tenant, in the cellar, were scrap-ends of wood, a few long boards, a window-sash and, most fortunate of all, and as if Fate had definitely intended it, a shelf with two heavy wooden brackets.

One evening, after paperhangers and cleaners had gone home, saw and hammer were seized, and some of the boards were made into a sort of large framework, like a capital H, of the size of the corner into which the fireplace was to fit, and of just the length to reach from the ceiling to floor. Pieces of wood were nailed, after mitering the ends, against the base of the wall, at the ceiling line, and in the centre. Then the H-frame was nailed in place.

The shelf was then adjusted as a mantel. Boards were placed as side panels. The open space between shelf and ceiling was covered with light boards. These upper boards were then covered with pasteboard, tacked on, and all the cracks were liberally pasted over with cheesecloth. The window-sash from the Robinson Crusoe pile was sawed down into a piece framing three square openings, and this was placed immediately below the mantel-shelf, and over the apparent fire-space.

All was now ready for the paperhanger, and next morning, in papering the entire room, he papered right across the corner upon the boarded space above the mantel-shelf, and there was thus gained all the effect of a regularly covered wall. The panels on either side of the fire-opening were painted white. A line was marked to indicate the hearth limits, and then, to secure a hearth-like effect, melted glue was spread over the space and, before it dried, fine brown sand, obtained at a bird store, was thickly whisked over it with a broom. There was thus obtained the appearance of a hearth of sandstone.

Blue and white tiles were fitted into the space in the section of once-while sash. The space behind the fire-opening was so boarded in as to look like a fire-back, and this apparent fire-back was first painted red to resemble brick, then blackened with stove blacking and soot, and then, for a parting touch, whitened with gray soot, taken from the range flue and thrown against it—indicating intense heat!

And, when all was done, it looked like a simple, capable, well-proportioned fireplace; and never was there a single visitor who doubted that it was real and had always been there.

For one of the upstairs rooms, an old cupboard, tall and of severe plainness of aspect, was made into an attractive wardrobe by the use of little more than brass knobs for handles, and white paint. In this same room stands a mahogany dressing-table. It consists of the old glass whose setting of little drawers and swivel posts fitted the mirror so opportunely. Instead of placing it on top of a chest of drawers or on a muslin dressing-table, a plain mahogany table was used of somewhat similar design, and a complete article of furniture in mahogany was thus formed.

A Dressing-Glass and Frame Which Were Separately Obtained and Which Fitted Each Other Perfectly

A most successful adaptation in silver is owned by a friend in the shape of two fern-dishes, four-footed, oval, of silver, and of old-fashioned workmanship, with a two-inch open-work rail. He showed a soldered hole in the bottom of each dish: "Yes; old cruet-stands. I had the handles sawed off—and there you are!" And he had reason to be proud of their appearance.

It is impossible to offer much definite advice in regard to makeshifts, for it is seldom that the circumstances of two different cases are precisely the same. The need, the opportunity, for a makeshift may present itself at any moment, in any one of a myriad of ways, and the important thing is to be ready to meet it.

Napoleon once wished a chemical experiment to be made immediately, in his presence. "But I have no pestle or mortar!" lamented the chemist. Instantly Napoleon was in a heat of impatient anger. "Remember, sir," he said sternly, "that every table-top is a mortar and every chair-leg a pestle!"

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PLAYER FOLK

Mark Twain and the Swallows

AS PUDD'NHEAD WILSON has been several times proclaimed as the great American drama, its author is at least enough of a player folk to serve as the subject of anecdote. During his residence at York, Maine, Mr. Clemens was asked to deliver an address at a local commemoration, and answered that he could by no means take precedence over native talent. One Captain Griswold, he said, was the great and only humorist of York.

It appeared that, unable to command sufficient quiet for his writing in his own house, he had rented an attic room of the Captain, laying stress repeatedly on the stipulation that he should not be disturbed by any noise. He was not disturbed; but nevertheless, the work did not always go. One day he wandered downstairs and prowled around outside the house. Glancing upward, he saw on the housetop over his study this sign: "Swallows are not allowed to twitter on this roof."

As a result the Captain has become a leading light in York, where he is prominent as the master of the dock at the Country Club. But Mark Twain delivered the speech.

Mansfield's Little Joke

RICHARD MANSFIELD is by turns the most genial and the most sardonic man in his profession, and on occasions he is both.

It will be remembered that the controversy over the authorship of Beau Brummel, one side of which Mr. William Winter lately told in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, was once the subject of litigation between Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Clyde Fitch, with the result that the play continued to bear Mr. Fitch's name as author. One evening, when Mansfield was playing the piece in his repertory in New York, he happened in at a café for supper while Mr. Fitch was at a table there with another dramatist. After supper, Mr. Mansfield joined the two playwrights and engaged them in earnest conversation.

It was time, he said, that the playwrights banded together in a syndicate against the managers. It was preposterous that the box-office should dictate to authors the terms and conditions of their art.

"Now we three fellows," he urged, "being the only great American playwrights, can, if we choose, corner the output of plays as successfully as our enemies have cornered the theatres."

So impressive was his manner as he said this that the two playwrights took him in entire seriousness, and modestly pointed out that there were a few more playwrights whom it would be necessary to include, and that at best the idea might not prove workable, owing to the importation of plays from abroad. But the actor stood by his guns. These three were the playwrights—and the only playwrights. It was not until afterward that the dramatists realized that Mansfield had been chaffing them.

Chambers on His Own Ar-rot

CARRINGTON YATES, best known perhaps as the juvenile hero of The Music Master, is a close friend of Robert W. Chambers, and last summer they were fellow-guests in a house-party on the Maine coast, at the time of the publication of The Fighting Chance. There as elsewhere the serial was the subject of a good deal of admiration and discussion—a fact not very welcome to the creator of the Poet in Iole. Mr. Chambers chafed, and, when his fellow-guests discovered this, he frequently received invitations to tea in the gun-room and polo in the swimming-pool. As the house had neither of these appurtenances of luxury the intention in these invitations may have been satirical.

One morning, while the men of the party were at breakfast, a serious-minded young man asked Mr. Chambers which one of his novels was the first. But breakfast is not Mr. Chambers best meal, and so he said a few emphatic words to the young man, the gist of which was that he was sick of all this discussion, and then he went out for a turn on the veranda.

Now, Mr. Yates never talks about Mr. Chambers' books, one reason being that he never reads them. But by-and-by, when the novelist came back, the actor said in a very impressive tone:

"Oh, Chambers! There's something I want to ask you, and I can't remember what it is."

Mr. Chambers stopped. Mr. Yates made an impressive stage-pause, and then exclaimed, as if with an inspiration of memory:

"I have it! How soon will you consent to delight us with your last novel?"

In spite of himself Mr. Chambers laughed and became again conversable.

The Property Tree of Knowledge

MISS JULIA MARLOWE relates that when she was playing the balcony scene with Mr. Sothern, not long since, on the occasion of their opening in Chicago, her glance fell on the property-man in the wings spraying the apple-blossoms of Capulet's orchard as farmers spray potato plants to keep the bugs away. It was a curious and unaccustomed sight, but she soon forgot it in the emotions of the scene.

A few days later the explanation presented itself in an unmistakable manner. Several of the minor members of the company were laid up with a very distressing pain beneath the belt. The apple-blossoms were made of pink and white popcorn, and it transpired that, owing to the stringent laws passed in Chicago after the Iroquois fire, they had had to be drenched with a fireproofing fluid. To the supernumeraries, the apple-tree of the orchard of the Capulets had become a tree of knowledge of good and evil—especially of evil.

American Poetic Dramatist

SOME years ago Mr. E. H. Sothern remarked that there were a number of young Americans who had shown decided ability in writing poetic drama, and added that most of them, as it happened, were school-teachers. This year, having left the Frohman management in order to realize his ambition of producing new plays, he will appear in a piece by Mr. H. W. Boynton and two by Mr. Percy Mackaye. Meantime, however, Mr. Boynton has graduated into the post of literary critic of the Atlantic Monthly, and Mr. Mackaye has given up his classes and become a resident of the artistic colony of Cornish, New Hampshire.

Mr. Mackaye's success comes after a full portion of the young playwright's disappointment. His first play, The Canterbury Pilgrims, Mr. Sothern accepted with enthusiasm for its humor and poetry and beauty of scene; but after progressing almost to the point of the production he found that his part, Chaucer, gave very few opportunities to the actor, consisting mainly of very beautiful lines. The dominating rôle was that of the Wife of Bath, and at his suggestion Mr. Mackaye transferred the play to Miss Amelia Bingham. Miss Bingham, however, lost courage, and instead produced an elaborately staged dramatization of a minor novel of Dumas, Olympe—which failed. The next play was The Scarecrow, an elaboration of the theme of Hawthorne's Feathertop. It was enthusiastically praised by critics of note as a work of great originality, imagination and humor; but the leading part, that of a scarecrow, which comes to life by magic, and develops into a romantic hero, presented great difficulty to the actor. Mr. Sothern felt that it was outside his scope. Mr. Mansfield considered it twice and passed it by. Mr. Hackett accepted it for production but did not produce it. The plays Mr. Sothern has accepted for this season treat two such different characters as Joan of Arc and Sapho.

Mr. Mackaye inherits his love of the theatre from his father, the late Steele Mackaye, author of Hazel Kirke. He is a Harvard graduate and a deep student of poetic literature, ancient and modern.

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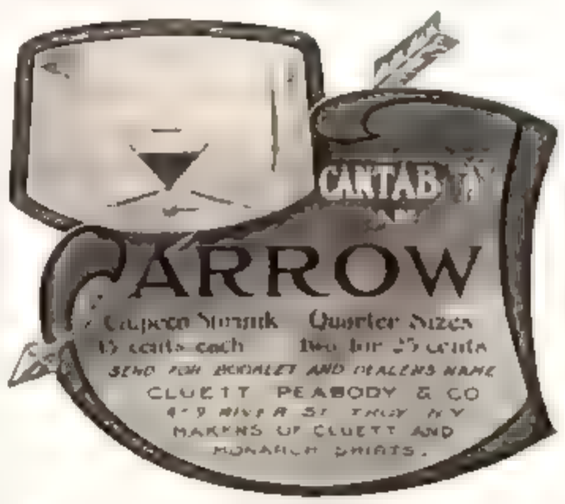

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Getting On in the World

Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune

The Same Qualifications

JUST as I was entering my fifteenth year the death of my father made it imperative that I should seek immediate employment. My mind, in floundering around for a helpful straw, reverted to the story, heard from my father, of how Mr. B——, general superintendent of one of the most important railroads entering our city, began work with that road as a section-hand, and climbed the ladder steadily up to his present position.

"That is where I will make an effort," I decided, and believing that the length of my trousers might have something to do with the height of my position, I donned my first long trousers and hurried to the office of the general superintendent. I had but a few minutes to wait before I was conducted into Mr. B——'s presence, and found him to be a man who approached business without preliminaries.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked in a crisp, "all-for-business" way.

His manner was infectious, and I replied as crisply:

"Give me a job."

He glanced me over from head to foot; then said decisively:

"You are too young—we have nothing that you can do"—and turned to his desk with an air of dismissal.

"You haven't tried me," I persisted.

Without facing around again, and in tones that hinted at some sarcasm and more irritation, he inquired:

"What are your qualifications, sir?"

The beginning of his career flashed through my mind, suggesting that his qualifications must have been even more limited than mine, owing to difference in education, and in desperation I replied:

"The same that yours were, sir, when you got your first job with this road."

I must have said the right thing at the right moment, for I was given employment, and am still working and climbing.

—*A. T. J.*

A Start in Business

MATHEW RUPERT, who at one time owned a well-stocked second-hand bookstore in New York and who eventually retired with a fortune, was born in a village on the Hudson River, and began life by learning the machinist's trade. Like many other young mechanics, he had a taste for reading, and, like all Hudson River villagers, he looked upon a visit to New York as an ideal way of resting from his ordinary labors.

In the course of one of young Rupert's visits to New York he happened to walk through Dey Street, where he saw, displayed before a small store, two wide tables that were covered with orderly piles of books. The first glance at a pile marked "twenty-five cents each" showed him a work called The Modern Machinist. He knew that this book was published at three dollars, and, having been intending to buy it for some time, he purchased it immediately.

From this book young Rupert obtained much information about his trade, but his chief gain in the bargain was from an idea that the book, as an article of merchandise only, gave him. He saw that many three-dollar books must be on sale at twenty-five cents each in the second-hand bookstores of the city, and that such books must be purchased at lower prices still from the original owners. And yet every one of them could be sold readily for a dollar each if only he could find the people wanting them as he had wanted The Modern Machinist.

Thereupon he began to talk second-hand books among his acquaintances, and, being a natural salesman, he had secured, when next he went to the city, commissions to purchase half a dozen different books, with the understanding that none was to cost more than half of the published price. As it happened, he filled four of these orders, and the profits paid his expenses and a day's wages besides.

This day's wandering among the second-hand bookstores proved so much to his taste that he set himself regularly to work to get the addresses of people who would buy books, not only along the Hudson, but in the metropolis itself; and, within three years from the purchase of The Modern Machinist, he had in the city a basement-store that held a stock of books which had cost him more than a thousand dollars.

"And," he said to me, "it was the best bought and most salable stock in the city."

—*J. R. S.*

A Feminine Plunger

AFTER graduating from one of the best dental colleges, Doctor Edwards, who had just married, located in a small town of five hundred inhabitants in Southern Michigan, but, like many others starting in professional work, found it hard to pay expenses. After months of poverty he accepted a position and, by economizing, saved enough to start again for himself, this time in a large city, where, however, Fate was still against him, so that he was obliged to spend three days each week practicing in suburban towns.

During one of his three-day absences from the city, an old practitioner, in the next block to Doctor Edwards' office, suddenly died. Mrs. Edwards, hearing of the death, immediately thought this offered a good opening for her husband, consulted the executors of the estate, and, without notifying Doctor Edwards, closed the deal for the office furnishings and practice.

Doctor Edwards returned to the city at the end of the third day and, upon going to his office, found the door placarded with this legend: "Moved to 4615. First entrance one block east." At that number he found his wife calmly awaiting him.

"What have you done?" was his abrupt and solicitous inquiry.

"Doctor Wilson has died and you have bought his effects, and I am in charge awaiting your return."

"But how are we to meet this additional expense?"

Then Mrs. Edwards explained. She planned to make her needle supplement the efforts of her husband, necessity in the past having compelled her to become a skillful needlewoman.

Doctor Edwards was soon convinced of the wisdom of his wife's intuition, and, having received his approval, she went to several of the large department stores and explained to those in authority the need of their providing fine hand-made garments for the expensive dolls which they would soon have on exhibition for the Christmas trade. Again her determination won, and she was given trial-orders from two places, which were to furnish all materials and pay by the piece for the finished articles.

These trial-orders were satisfactory and wealthy patrons were willing to pay the fancy prices. Immediately large orders were given, and Mrs. Edwards found it necessary to employ several helpers in the work. Other orders were received from distant cities, and soon she was employing fifteen helpers constantly and clearing over four hundred dollars a month for six months of the year.

During this time Mrs. Edwards' first venture was proving profitable, for Doctor Edwards was able to keep a large part of the established practice purchased, and had no difficulty in meeting the payments when due.

—*F. S. B.*

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'I have set my wish upon a card,
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LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

Reading Plays

THE Macmillan Company has published recently several of Clyde Fitch's plays, notably The Girl with the Green Eyes and Her Own Way. They make attractive little volumes, and it is interesting to see that these thin society comedies have not quite lost their sparkle and smartness on the printed page. It has long been the custom in France to publish acted plays as books. It was formerly the custom in England: most of the Elizabethan plays appeared contemporaneously between covers in thin quartos, and found a fresh audience of readers. But of late years in our country and England it is only the "literary" or "closet" play, a kind of still birth, that, as a rule, gets into print. To be sure, Shaw's plays enjoyed considerable popularity in book-form before a manager could be found who was brave enough to put them on the stage; Ibsen has been known in translation for some time by a cultivated class of readers, and latterly Stephen Phillips has appealed to the two audiences. However, there is no real reason why any good acting-play should not make a good reading-play also, although some managers would like to make us believe the contrary. Whatever mystery there may be in the "stage business," after all, there must be spoken, and hence reading, matter to the play. Possibly, if our dramatists knew that their productions would be put into cold type, as plays are in France and Germany, they would take more pains with their product, and consider that some small trace of literary quality in the workmanship is not altogether damning in a play. The only objection might come from the managers who were afraid to have the puerile rot that they put before their audiences exposed on the printed page. Plays make good reading, of a kind quite different from the short story or the novel. A play can be read through rapidly in a single sitting, with a single impression, and demands less of the reader, almost, than the historical romance. There are many thousands of people who have only rare opportunities of seeing any plays acted, and many more who would welcome the chance of reading the play they were to see or had seen. The custom of printing plays would educate people about the drama and ultimately impress the manager.

Real People of a Real Town

ANY foreigner who wants to know what the American people are really like—not the Newport imitation or the New York money machine or the Chicago labor agitator, but the genuine article that has been in the making since the Declaration of Independence—should read William Allen White's In Our Town.

There are a number of lively and populous cities between the Atlantic and the Pacific which do their best to make us believe that there is nothing else in the United States; but any American who knows his country is well aware that the characteristic life of the nation has never been a city life and is not to-day—the American thing is to be found in the country and the small town.

This small volume of "sketches" of the life of a Kansas town of ten thousand inhabitants is tremendously American: Mr. White, from his newspaper office, the cerebral centre of the town's nervous system, has caught more types than are to be found in a year's bunch of novels. They range from the tin-horn gambler, the keeper of the livery stable—"the proudest man in town," who licked a college boy that offered him a tip—the town magnate who, after fifty years of rectitude, is socially buried because he divorces his wife to marry a bad woman, to the incomparable society reporter—Miss Larrabee—to the gilded youth, and to Aunt Martha Merryfield.

Mr. White has succeeded in getting what the novelists call atmosphere, that emotional and social fluid which holds the separate social atoms in solution; and the American atmosphere of "our town" is a very distinct and flavored article. The basis of it is an essential democracy, the gift of that time when all men and women were equal in their poverty and their opportunity, on which has grown up a lot of fine distinctions that separate the "hand-holding younger set" from the staid, whist-playing aristocracy. Hatred of snobbery and shams is characteristic of this atmosphere as well as a charitable tolerance and good-humored acceptance of human weakness and human fate. There is some tragedy and much pathos in the world of "our town," and here and there an unobtrusive philosophy of life that sweetens what it touches, like this:

"Sometimes we have wondered if sin is really as important as Silas thinks it is, for with Silas sin is a blot that effaces a man's soul. But maybe God sees sin only as a blemish that men may overcome. Perhaps God is not so discouraged with us as Silas is."

It is not necessary to write a novel to paint human character, nor to go far afield for the richest material—it walks the street day by day of our town.

Puff Paste

THE "critics" say that Mrs. Deland's new novel, The Awakening of Helena Richie, is the best novel of the season (of course); that it is also "powerful," "absorbing," "really great," "the most important contribution to literature that has been made for a long time," and much more besides. A week earlier they were saying the same things of Mr. Churchill's Coniston, and the week before of Mrs. Ward's new book: it's a poor week that can't show at least one "greatest" novel. Judging from the newspaper notices quoted in the publishers' advertisements, American literature is in a fine way, better than the crops and the railroads: we are making literature by the ton and exporting some to the exhausted peoples of Europe. Nevertheless, time manages, somehow, to bury a good many "great" books—so far as permanent literature is concerned most of them have a mighty short day.

Perhaps the reviewers are so busy with the daily "output" that they can't spare time to read those masterpieces that have survived—what the educated world has judged to be literature. They test a new book by comparison with the last one they gulped down, and, by comparison, Mrs. Deland's or Mr. Churchill's article may taste pretty good. So they let out their enthusiasm, and pile up those adjectives that publishers have to cull from their remarks. If they had recently read, for example, The Scarlet Letter, they might think less rapturously of Mrs. Deland's pale, proper, somewhat mushy version of the eternal theme. But then, readers of Helena Richie may never have heard of The Scarlet Letter, and they like to believe that they are reading real "literature."

Folly—By an American Lady

THE folly of it was that, having married a good and wealthy man of the conventional English type, her child having died, she leaves her husband for a young Poet, whom she discovers that she loves when he is doomed by disease. Good husbands, by the way, have a right to be suspicious of young Poets: they are a deadly menace to the holy state of matrimony; they teach all kinds of sedition in insinuating song and leave their sting behind them. In this case the Poet sends the young woman, appropriately named Polly, back, after a time, to her husband with a lesson. When she has thoroughly imbibed the lesson, the lady becomes reconciled to her husband, and they begin anew the matrimonial life. A piquant story enough—although Miss Rickert shies at the critical difficulty in the situation of her people, and only hearts—not laws—are broken. It would be interesting to know how Miss Rickert would have brought her heroine off had the Poet found some cure for his cancer.

Miss Rickert's new novel is surprisingly unlike that first story by her of pastoral people in the Hebrides. Miss Rickert is an American woman, a doctor of philosophy of one of our universities, and a well-trained scholar in mediæval literature, from which she has made some charming translations. She has chosen to live "over there," and writes about English people with an American crispness and jauntiness.

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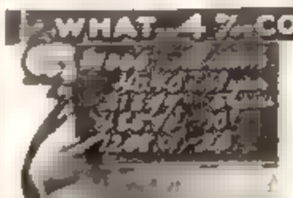

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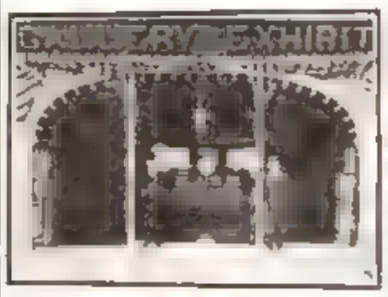

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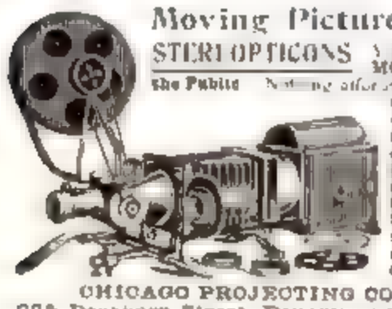

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The Making of an American School-Teacher

(Concluded from Page 15

Cresco retreat! But one year's work must be done in residence.

He immediately took up advanced work and attempted to keep the same pace. But he had reached the breaking point and his mind refused to follow the recitations. The warning that he must relax and let the doctor's degree wait could not be ignored.

Meantime, the scholarly E. Benjamin Andrews, who had resigned the presidency of Brown University to become superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools, was learning the heart-breaking game of school politics. The principalship of the Normal School had become vacant through the resignation of Colonel Francis Wayland Parker, who enjoyed a national reputation as a teacher of teachers, and Doctor Andrews was struggling with the board to find a worthy successor to this pedagogical authority. One day an alumnus of Brown called upon Doctor Andrews to talk over old times. The conversation turned upon the Normal principalship.

"I know a man who lives at La Grange who could fill that position. He's up on philosophy and has a degree from the University of Chicago. I believe that Dr. John Dewey would back him—and perhaps Doctor Harper, too. But, of course, you've got to consider the politics of such a move. Don't overlook the fact that this man was the Democratic candidate for county superintendent of schools and ran far ahead of his ticket. There are a lot of Democrats on your board and they're not going to knife him on that account."

"I've already named my man, and I shall have to stand by him," responded Doctor Andrews, "but I think he's already beaten. Have your man come and see me."

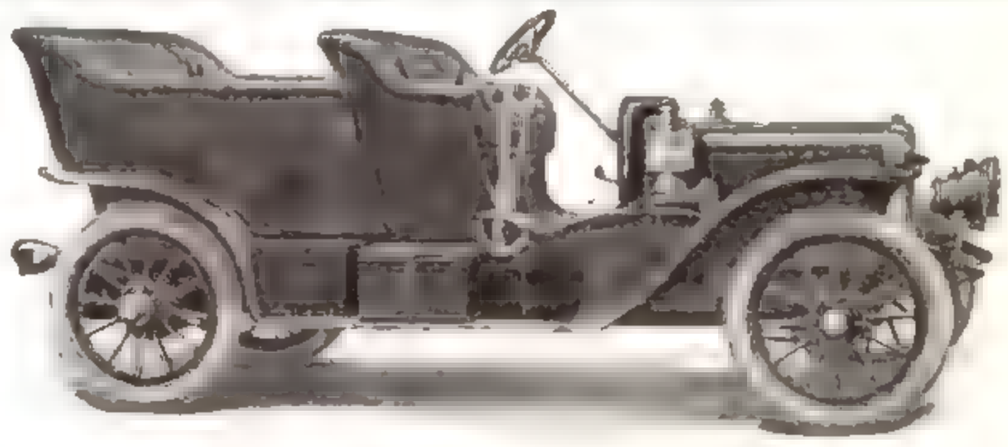
The School-Teacher responded to the summons and was induced to enter the contest. He saw three members of the Board of Education, but his experience was such that he wrote a letter asking not to be considered further. Meantime, the political waters had been much troubled, and a new situation had developed. The answer to his letter was: "You will make a mistake to withdraw as a candidate. Just stick and say nothing." He stuck—but on condition that he should not be expected to run after any more board-members. The forty-six-mile bicycle rides had come to a harvest, and in November, '99, the School-Teacher was elected principal of the Cook County Normal School.

Here was a sudden elevation to a position beyond his largest dreams in the old Iowa days. He took the news home with a light heart. But when he placed the matter before the La Grange school-trustees they resolutely refused to release him—and he would not leave without an honorable release. A committee from the Chicago Board interceded—but to no avail. This was a dramatic moment for the young educator from the tall grass. He faced the fact that he stood to lose a position to which all of his ambitions called him. When he went back to Doctor Andrews he said:

"It's no use. My people refuse to let me off, and I've got to stick. So you'll have to elect some other man in my place."

Then came a turn of affairs which gave the School-Teacher greater satisfaction than his original election. It was a letter from Doctor Andrews, the president of the Board of Education and the chairman of the Normal committee, saying that they proposed to reëlect him at the end of his La Grange engagement and that he should, in the mean time, visit the Normal School as frequently as possible to familiarize himself with its workings. This he did, and he attended the meeting of the Chicago Board at which the report of the Normal committee was to be acted upon.

But the Fates had not yet tired dealing surprises to the young man from Cresco. The report of the Normal committee was received, and the School-Teacher was again recommended for the coveted place. Instead of presenting this report to the board, Doctor Christopher, a member of the Normal School, arose and nominated him for superintendent of schools. Then came the balloting—and finally the announcement of his election to one of the hardest school-teaching jobs in America.



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VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

(Continued from Page 7)

glanced at the object that had caused their fright and saw a vision startling enough to astonish even himself.

A stranger girl of exceeding beauty stood in the midst of the forest clearing. She was dressed in a robe of magnificent golden tissue, from which the level rays of the westering sun sparkled back in a halo of almost supernatural glory. On her head was a wreath of blood-red hibiscus flowers, and her exquisite right arm, bare except for a twisted chain of gold, held up an island kava cup of carved cocoanut-shell. When she saw that the king observed her she sank on her knees, bent her neck, and raised the cup high in both hands above her head.

It was an invitation, and one that no Lialian could possibly have refused, for the drink brewed from the kava root, and the ceremonies connected with its brewing, tasting and giving around, are almost a religion in those islands, and many a man, in the old wild days, has died for the insult of putting aside the proffered cup. Therefore the king descended at once, tied his horses to a tree, and advanced to take the cup from the hands of this unknown young woman who understood royal etiquette so well. It was his Majesty's right to have his kava, and indeed all his food and drink, proffered in this especial attitude, but half-castes and whites were sometimes careless enough to forget the honor.

He drank the great bowlful at a draft, as a king should, and sending the cup with a twirl to the ground, according to etiquette, cast a side glance at the beautiful cup-bearer. He hated strangers and distrusted foreigners, still ——

"Will you not come in and rest, O Great Chief?" asked Vaiti in Lialian.

"Who are you?" said the king, still looking half away—but only half.

"Princess of Atiu, and daughter of the great English sea-captain, Saxon," replied Vaiti, drawing herself up to her full height, and looking him straight in the eyes. The king met the look full this time and thought that Litia's eyes, Lialian though she was, were not so bright by half. And if Mahina was fatter—as she certainly was—she never had such hair, or such a coral-red mouth. And what a magnificent dress this magnificent creature wore!

He knew at once who Vaiti was when she mentioned her rank in Atiu, for the chocolate-colored island kings and queens understand each other's complicated genealogies quite as clearly as do their white compeers on the other side of the world; and, though Atiu was a broken, half-depopulated place, its chiefs were of ancient lineage and high repute. Napoleon Timothy Te Paea III hesitated a moment—stretched out his hand—withdrew it—then stretched it out again and graciously offered it to Vaiti, as to an equal in blood.

Vaiti, glowing with gratification, yet had the happy intuition of dropping on one knee and kissing the royal hand, European fashion. The king understood it and swelled with pleasure, remembering how Mahina had had the impudence to chuck him under the chin when he bestowed a gracious salute upon her inferior lips, and how Litia had objected altogether to get off her horse when he was passing by, as Lialian royal customs enjoined upon all riders.

"Will you not come in and rest, Great Chief?" said the humble voice of the stranger again.

And the king, still shy and distrustful, and looking at Vaiti only out of the corners of his eyes, did condescend to come in.

And the next day he rested again, and the day after that. It was astonishing how easily driving seemed to tire his Majesty at this period. And all the time the wedding preparations went forward, while Mahina and Litia, with their respective factions, grew more and more jealous of each other and more and more enraged.

But there came a day at last, four days from the wedding, when the king declared that he would make his final choice on the evening before the marriage day, and would send a herald on that night to proclaim it through the capital.

Ruru, the royal herald, who had never before had a chance to exercise his office or wear his uniform, was extremely pleased. He got out his finery at once—a beefeater cap and tabard of crimson silk, worn with a large gilt sash and bare legs—and began a dress rehearsal that lasted, with intervals for food and sleep, until the evening of the proclamation. At sunset he went up to the palace, received the paper that contained the message, and, strutting like a turkey, came out on to the open green in front, where at least a thousand Lialians—half of them Litia's friends, and half of them Mahina's—were collected. Mahina and Litia themselves, each defiantly dressed in all the bridal finery she could muster, stood in the forefront of the crowd, exchanging looks of death and hatred.

It had come to this with the two women now, that either would have cheerfully died a death of slow torture if by so doing only she could have prevented the other from winning. That she might miss the glories of the throne was not the prominent thought on Litia's mind—only that Mahina might secure them and triumph over her; and the selfsame fancy agitated the ample breast of her rival, as the two stood in the cool twilight, within sound of the breakers on the reef, waiting with choking anxiety for Ruru's words.

"People of Liali!" read the herald impressively, striking an attitude with one bare leg advanced. "His Majesty, King Napoleon Timothy Te Paea III, of Liali, being sovereign by right divine, and the Lord's anointed, also High Chief of all the Liali Islands as descendant of the Sacred Lizard, has decided to marry according to the custom of his forefathers, and give the land of Liali an heir to our mighty crown. The wedding will take place in the mission church to-morrow at noon, and there will be a collection afterward for expenses. If any one comes drunk to church, or puts nothing in the plate, he will be turned out. His Majesty hereby announces that, in order to save war and dissension among his loyal subjects, and to teach some princesses to pay him proper respect, he has decided to give the honor of his hand to Princess Vaiti, of Atiu, daughter of Princess Rangi, of Atiu, deceased, and Captain Saxon, of the schooner Sybil. God save the King, and you are all to go home without making a row!"

It was a fine proclamation, but assuredly the order in the last clause asked too much of Lialian humanity. No one attempted to obey it. The news was received first in a dead silence of amazement, and then by a storm of shrieks, howls, questions, a wild trampling and rushing to and fro, and, last of all, by a Homeric roar of laughter. The Lialian possesses a rough, but reliable, sense of humor, practical joking being his especial delight; and it suddenly dawned upon the populace of Liali that the king had played the most stupendous practical joke upon them ever known in the history of the islands. Therefore, these light-hearted children of the sun, instead of raiding the palace in two separate factions, lay down and rolled upon the grass, or held helplessly on to one another, roaring with laughter. The utter disconcerting of both Mahina and Litia, now that all party feeling was removed from the matter, further appealed to them as a jest of the finest sort, and witticisms that would have made a trooper blush were hurled upon the disconsolate maidens from all sides. Some few there were who frowned at the triumph of a foreigner and a stranger; but Vaiti's arts had succeeded in making her popular, and the malcontents were borne down by the roar of public amusement and assent.

Vaiti herself, safely hidden in the Methodist mission-house, listened to the laughter from far off, and felt well pleased. She had not been very sure how matters might go, and had, therefore, at a bold stroke, won the favor of the Church by approaching the missionary and assuring him of the extreme purity of her Methodism (she was, if anything, a pure heathen) and, in confidence, of the honor awaiting her. The reverend gentleman, who had long sat on thorns by reason of the power of the Seventh-Day Adventist, Christian Science, and Original Shakes missions in the islands, received her with delight, and handed her over to the care of his wife, who shortly afterward informed him that the new light of the church was, in her opinion, a "perfect minx"—but that she supposed it was as well under the circumstances, to make to herself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, as the Bible enjoined, and

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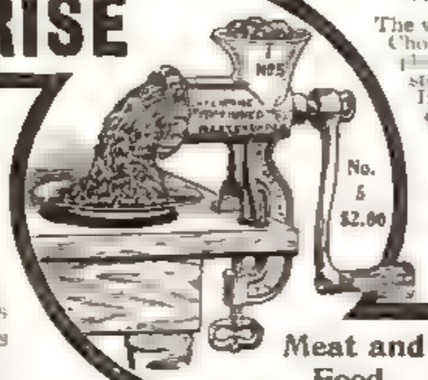

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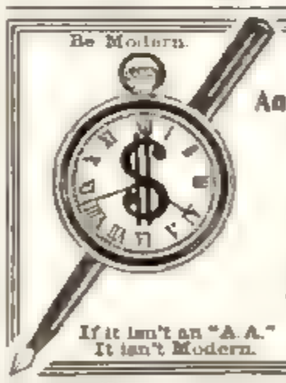

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remain on intimate visiting terms with the palace. So Vaiti spent the fateful evening under the secure protection of the Church itself, and claimed the same creditable patronage for the day of the wedding.

What of Mahina and Litia? The disappointed princesses, when the proclamation was read out, turned and stared at each other like tigresses robbed of a meal. Neither was going to be Queen of Liali—neither was going to scratch her rival's eyes out and root up her hair, for the crime of securing the coveted honor. The very bottom of the world had dropped out—what was to follow?

For a moment they continued to stare, each scanning the other's face under a new light—the light of common feeling. Litia remembered that she and Mahina had been brought up almost as sisters, in the palace of the late queen; Mahina recalled the time when she had almost died of measles and Litia had nursed her through. They were both deceived, both deserted, and the friends of one could never crow offensively over the other now. The thought was mingled bitter-sweet; and the two burst out crying and dropped into each other's arms, simultaneously vowing threats of vengeance against the treacherous interloper which—unbacked by their warlike following of friends—they knew very well they would never be able to execute. And the crowd dispersed as the sun went down.

The Sybil made better time than was expected, after all. Her white sails lifted against the blue, from behind the nearest island, just as the royal wedding party commenced its gorgeous procession to the church. Before the ceremony was ended the schooner had made the harbor and Saxon was 'ashore. He came upon an utterly deserted town and saw not a human being until he was half-way up to the church, outside of which he perceived an immense crowd, unable to enter. Under a tree by the wayside sat one of the English traders, who had failed to get a place. He greeted Saxon uproariously, and asked him if this wasn't a proper go?

"What?" asked Saxon. "Which is he marrying?"

"Oh, crikey, he doesn't know!" roared the trader—and fell back against his tree, suffocating with laughter, and utterly declining to explain.

Saxon, cursing him for a silly fool, tramped on toward the church. The procession was coming out now and he wanted to see the show, for though he might call the coffee-colored Lialians niggers, he quite understood the position of King Napoleon Timothy Te Paea III, and the importance to all the islands of his choice.

He got up on a bank to see the better, fixed his long-sighted sailor eyes upon the chapel door, and saw a glittering vision emerge into the sunlight amidst the cries and cheers of the people. That was the king, in a gorgeous uniform, with his crown on his head, and a long velvet mantle sweeping behind him; . . . and at his left hand stepped a tall, stately, slender figure, also crowned, and dazzlingly dressed all in glittering gold. Not Mahina, certainly; not Litia, either. Who was it, then? It could never be—but it was—Vaiti!

Saxon staggered off the bank, sat down, jumped up again, and clapped his hands.

"By ——, if it isn't like her, through and through!" he cried. "By ——, I'm proud of her! Queen of Liali! Queen of Liali! But ——"

He stopped, and shook his head with a knowing laugh.

"But—Heaven help the king!" he said.

(THE END)

Pity 'Tis 'Tis True

In love, at least, consistency is a fool.

A man is as old as his arteries; a woman is as old as her art.

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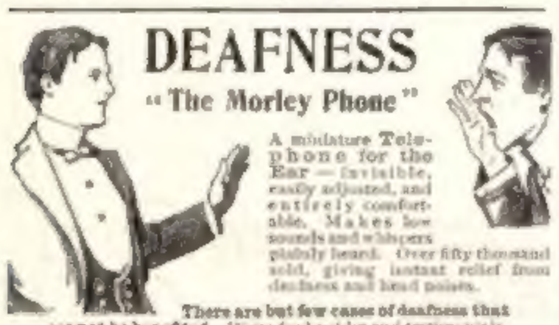

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SAMPSON ROCK OF WALL STREET

(Continued from Page 15)

Mr. Rock should not be allowed to wait in the drawing-room. They were all men and girls he knew well, and absence seemed to have made these fond hearts grow fonder. Sam was more interesting for having circled the world in eighteen months, just as his father had trebled his fortune in Sam's absence. They all liked him for himself and his twenty-five years. Three of them, two brokers and one female, liked him for his father, and *his* fifty-five. Sampson Rock's age meant something to them since a magazine sketch appraised those fifty-five years at a half-million each. It was a gorgeous overestimate. But those colleagues of his who knew better did not enlighten the public. They themselves lived in glass houses gilded to resemble multi-millions. The overestimates helped them all. Prestige is potential cash; and cash, actual or potential, is power: and power is real cash.

These young old friends did not talk like the overestimated multi-millionaires. They had their cares and their tragedies. But as, during the Terror, the young aristocrats of France walked gracefully to the guillotine and smilingly "tipped" the executioner, so did these laugh—at punctured automobile tires and at misjudged horse races and at offended rich aunts. That had been his life before he started on his round-the-world trip.

He saw less of Fanny than he had intended to see. She was looking extremely pretty, he again thought. Certainly she had improved in his absence. But he could not talk to her because everybody insisted upon his telling them stories, and they listened so attentively that the mild elation he felt at interesting them made him talk well and feel very kindly toward them.

But as he went home some hours later the very dissimilarity between the two lives—his old life with these people and his father's life in Wall Street—made his thoughts recur to the ticker and the words of the ticker and the words of the men who lived by the ticker. It was a great game. There might be ways of playing it like a gentleman; of getting all the excitement without the unpleasant after-taste. He did not fully understand its functions as an adjunct to railroad improvement and to industrial development. He might learn. But the romance of the West, the life of the mining camp, was far more alluring. It was easier to understand. The excitement of it was healthier.

Sampson Rock was already studying the ticker and scooping in Virginia Central when Sam awoke the next day. He had invited himself to luncheon at Mrs. Collyer's, and he was too busy looking after his martial bric-à-brac—poisoned daggers, wonderful old pistols, blood-rusted spears, which he had accumulated in his travels—to think about Sampson Rock's work. He had some really remarkable ivory carvings which he had picked up in Delhi for Mrs. Collyer—and two perfectly matched pearls he had bought at Aden from a Persian Gulf man who wanted to put fifty thousand miles or more between himself and the fisheries. He had paid a round price for them. Darrell, his Denver friend, who was a perfect crank on gems, assured him he had not paid a tenth of what such pearls were worth in New York, but it only struck him now that the real story was the anxiety of the man who sold them to him. He had put the pearls unwrapped in his vest pocket at Quarantine and had forgotten to "declare" them. It would please him to give the smuggled pearls to Fanny, because they were very beautiful and because they had been such a bargain.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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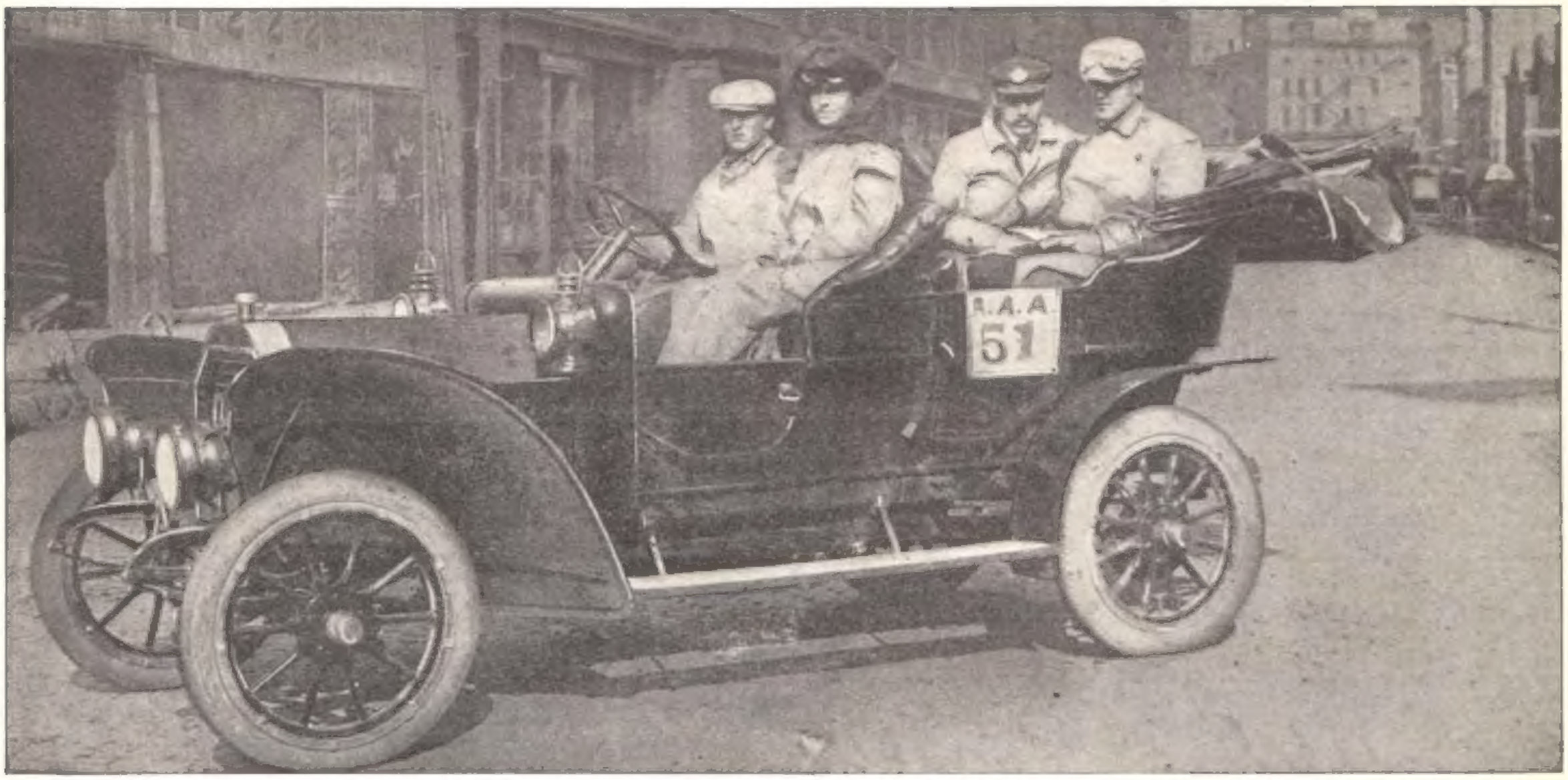

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